



SPECIAL **CRISIS** CROSS-OVER

ALL-STAR SQUADRON

QUESTION:
WHICH OF THESE
HEROES WILL HAVE
THEIR LIVES
FOREVER CHANGED
BY THE COMING OF

HARBINGER?

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OCT. 85



ANSWER:
ALL
OF THE ABOVE!

50th ISSUE SPECIAL
by ROY THOMAS, ARVELL JONES & MIKE CLARK

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1 9 8 5

CRISIS POINT!

THE EVENING OF WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1942-- ABOVE THE IMPOSING SKYLINE OF NEW YORK CITY:

LORD, HAS IT REALLY BEEN ONLY A WEEK SINCE OUR REGULAR JUSTICE SOCIETY MEETING?

BUT WHAT A WEEK! BRITISH COMMANDOS BLEW UP THE DOCKS AT ST. NAZAIRE...THE FIRST ALLIED CONVOY WITH SUPPLIES MANAGED TO REACH A RUSSIAN PORT... OUR FORCES STILL HOLDING OUT IN THE PHILIPPINES-- JUST BARELY!

BUT NOW, THESE UNFOUNDED REPORTS OF A NAZI CAMELOT POPPING UP IN ENGLAND ITSELF!

CAN'T WAIT TILL DR. FATE'S BACK-- SO HE CAN GIVE US THE FULL STORY.

ALL-STAR SQUADRON

HOPE ALL THE JSAERS GOT THE MESSAGES MY HAWKS BROUGHT THEM IN THEIR CIVILIAN I.D.'S, BECAUSE--

WELL, I'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH. THE WINDOW'S OPEN. I CAN EVEN HEAR JOHNNY THUNDER CHATTERING AWAY INSIDE...

"This changing world"
--Fitting title of a 1939
Glenn Miller hit song

CHAPTER I
JUSTICE SOCIETY
SHANGHAIED INTO HYPERSPACE!

JSA SEQUENCE BASED ON ALL-STAR COMICS #13, 1942, BY GARDNER F. FOX.

A 50TH-ISSUE TURNING POINT BY:

ROY THOMAS MIKE CLARK
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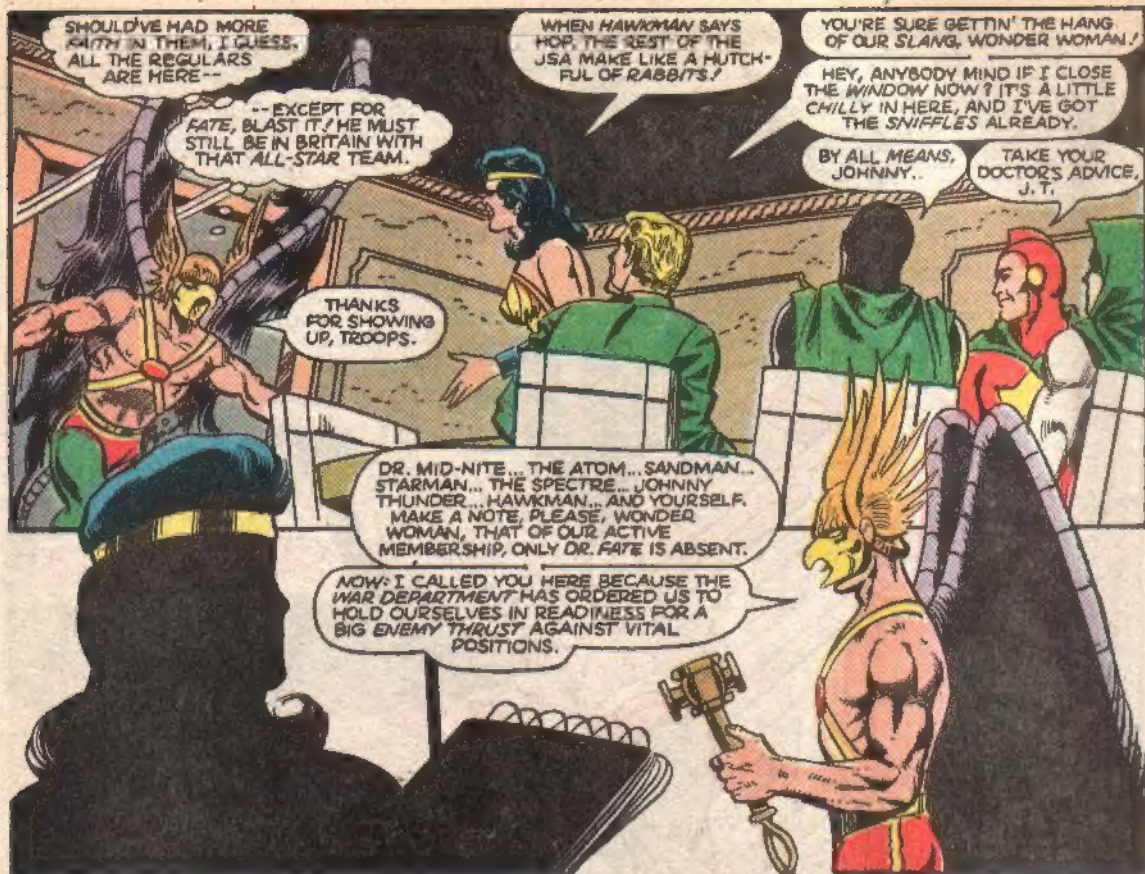
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ACH, SEHR GUT! THERE ARE EIGHT OF THEM IN THERE-- AND SOME FOOL HAS SHUT THE WINDOW.

PUT PLAN 2-3 IN READINESS AT ONCE!

JAWOHL, HERR HANSEN.

NO WHISPERING, PLEASE. I BELIEVE THE CHAIRMAN STILL HAS THE FLOOR.

SORRY, HAWK. WE GOT CARRIED AWAY.

BAM!

HEY, STARMAN-- WHERE'S DR. FATE? HE STILL IN ENGLAND LIKE YOU SAID HE WAS LAST WEEK?

GUESS SO, JOHNNY.

ALL I KNOW IS, THE CALL CAME FROM WINSTON CHURCHILL HIMSELF, AND--

<THE SECRET SEALING LOCKS ARE IN PLACE ON ALL DOORS AND WINDOWS, AND THE SCHWEINHUNDS STILL DO NOT SUSPECT.>

<A FEW MOMENTS MORE-- AND IT WILL MAKE NO DIFFERENCE IF THEY DO.>

OUR SIDE'S LEARNED THAT NAZI GERMANY'S PARTNERS * PLAN TO SEND AT LEAST HALF A MILLION MEN TO THE RUSSIAN FRONT THIS MONTH, IN AN EFFORT TO KNOCK OUR SOVIET ALLIES OUT OF THE WAR.

THAT MEANS WE'VE GOT TO PROTECT AMERICAN FACTORIES FROM NAZI SABOTAGE...

IN THIS CASE: ITALY, HUNGARY, RUMANIA, SLOVAKIA... AND OFFICIALLY-NEUTRAL FASCIST SPAIN. --ROY

HEY, SANDMAN-- HOW'D WE LEARN ALL THIS STUFF IN ADVANCE, ANYHOW?

YOU KIDDING? YOU FORGET THAT THE ALLIES HAVE BROKEN THE GERMAN AND JAPANESE SECRET CODES... THOUGH THEIR SIDE DOESN'T SUSPECT IT YET?!

...SO WE CAN KEEP ON SENDING WAR SUPPLIES TO THE U.S.S.R.!

SO HOW COME WE DON'T USE THAT KIND OF INFO MORE-- HIT 'EM WHERE THEY AIN'T, AS THEY SAY?

REMEMBER HOW MUCH HELP THE R.A.F. GOT FROM THE CODE-BREAKING, BACK DURING THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN?

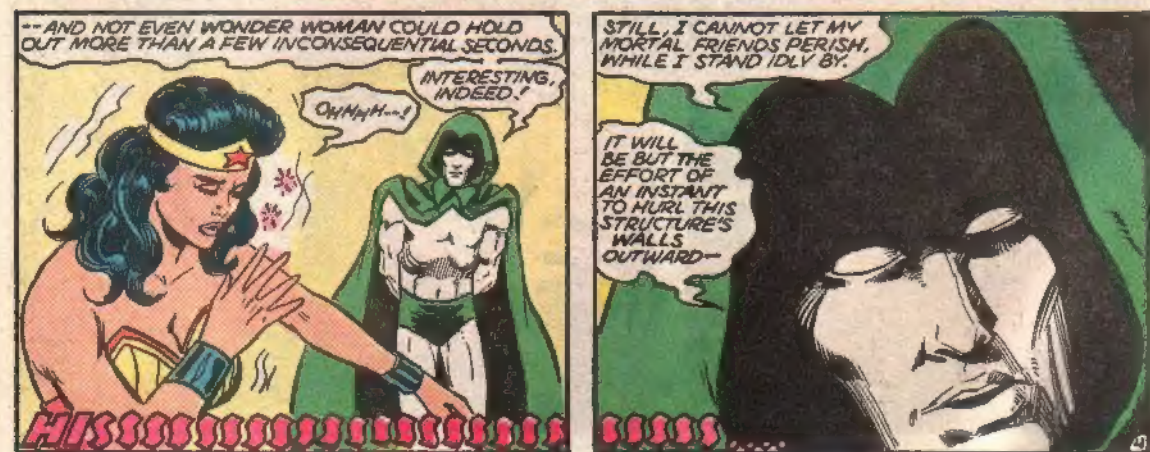
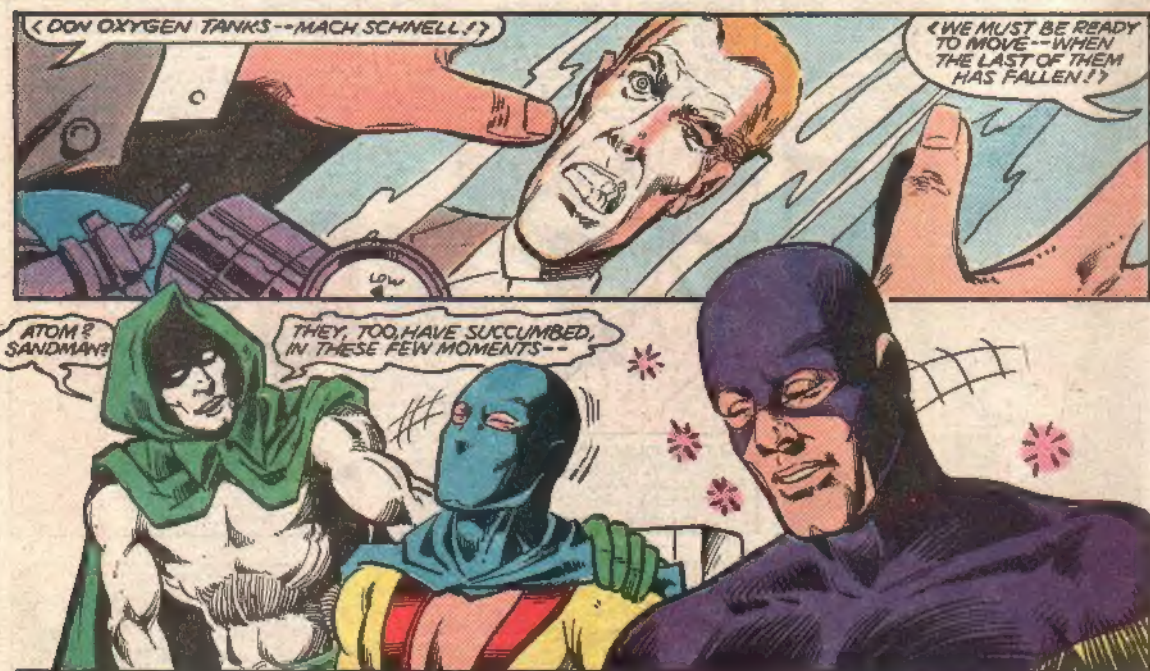
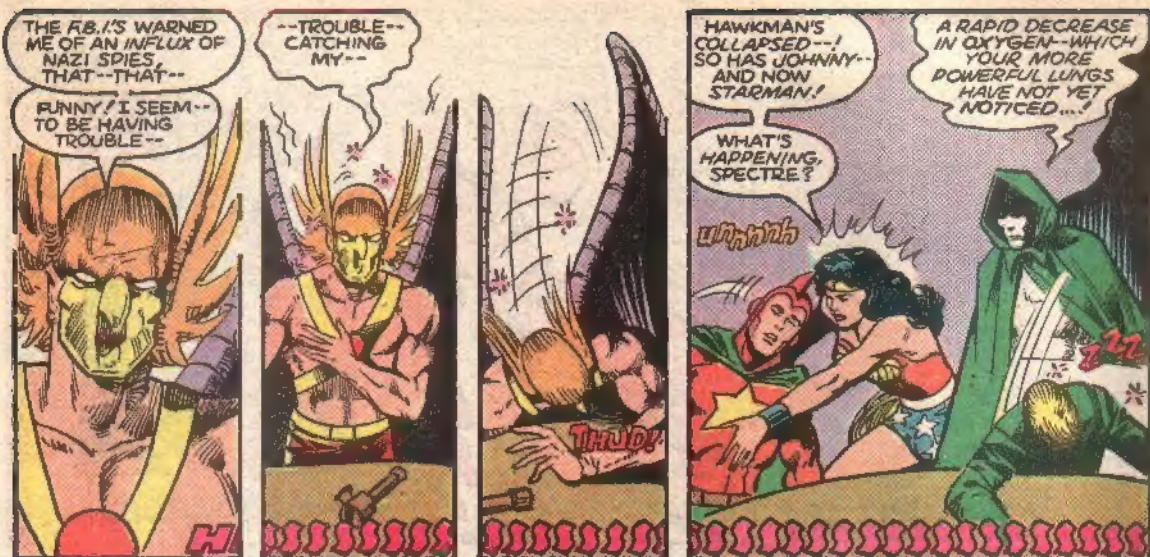
GUESS FDR AND CHURCHILL WANT TO WAIT FOR THE BIG SCORE-- LIKE MAYBE THE SECOND FRONT-- RATHER THAN LET HITLER KNOW TOO SOON THAT WE'RE ONTO HIM.

WE'RE NOW BEGINNING TO WITHDRAW ALL OXYGEN FROM THEIR MEETING-ROOM, HERR HANSEN... SILENTLY, UNOBTUSIVELY.

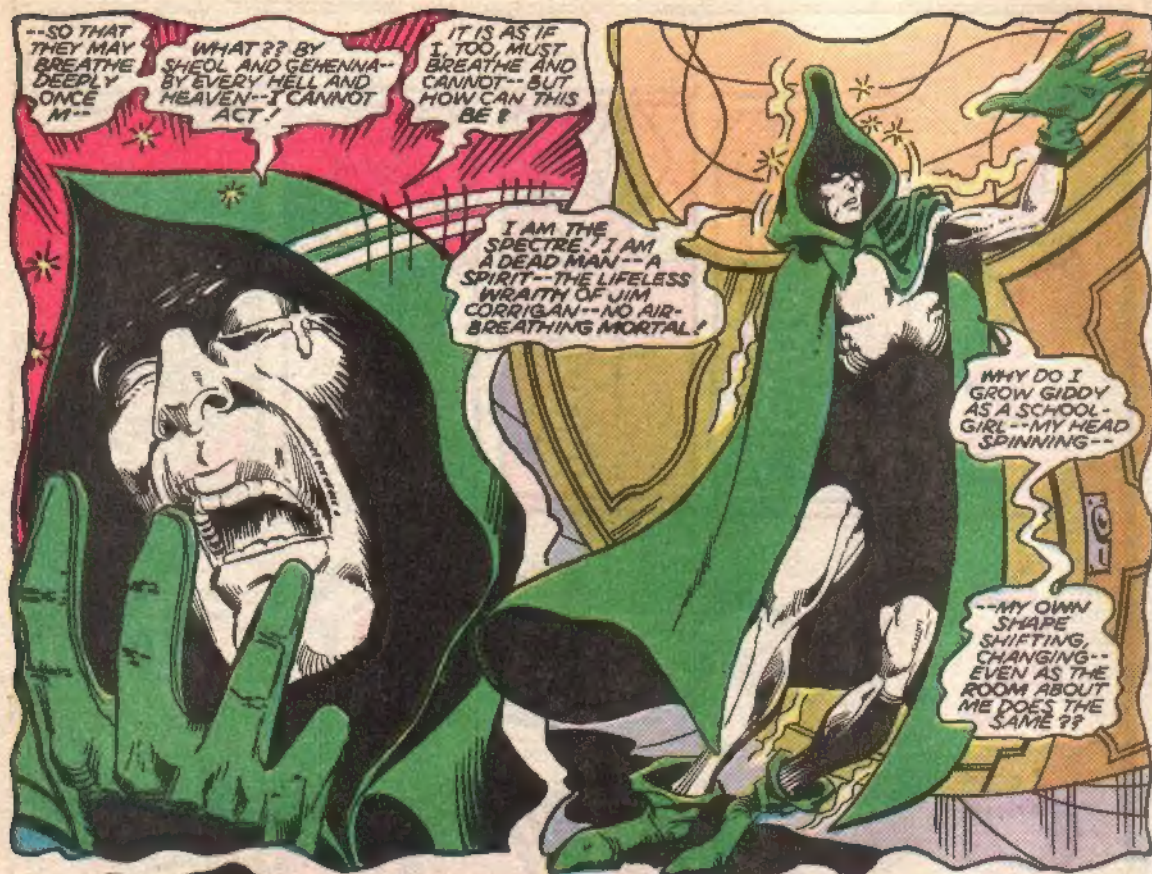
<BY THE TIME THEY REALIZE IT-- THEY WILL BE OURS!>

CHECK

MISSIS



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--SO THAT
THEY MAY
BREATHE
DEEPLY
ONCE
M--

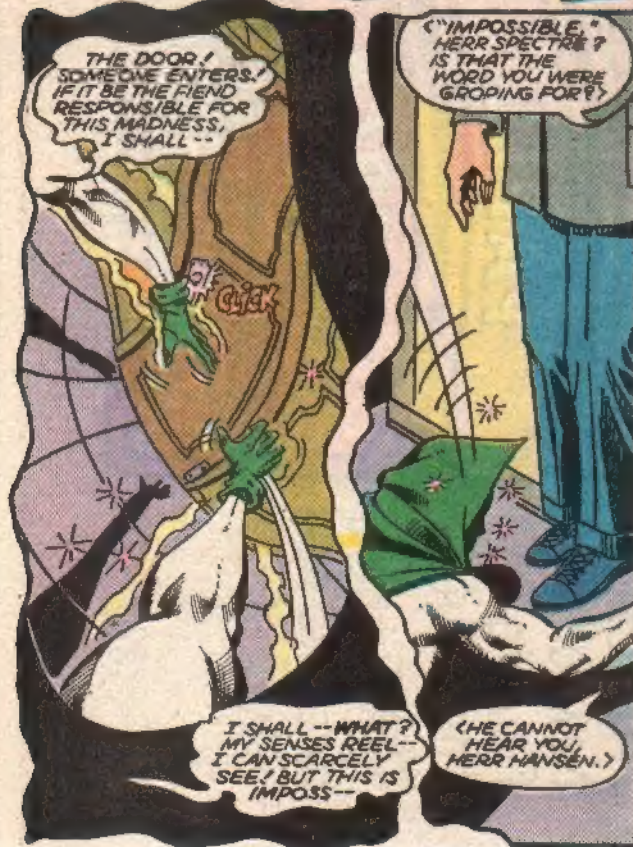
WHAT?? BY
SHEOL AND GEHENNA--
BY EVERY HELL AND
HEAVEN--I CANNOT
ACT!

IT IS AS IF
I, TOO, MUST
BREATHE AND
CANNOT-- BUT
HOW CAN THIS
BE?

I AM THE
SPECTRE! I AM
A DEAD MAN-- A
SPIRIT--THE LIFELESS
WRAITH OF JIM
CORRIGAN--NO AIR-
BREATHING MORTAL!

WHY DO I
GROW GIDDY
AS A SCHOOL-
GIRL--MY HEAD
SPINNING--

--MY OWN
SHAPE
SHIFTING,
CHANGING--
EVEN AS THE
ROOM ABOUT
ME DOES THE
SAME??



THE DOOR!
SOMEONE ENTERS!
IF IT BE THE FIEND
RESPONSIBLE FOR
THIS MADNESS,
I SHALL--

"IMPOSSIBLE"
HERR SPECTRE?
IS THAT THE
WORD YOU WERE
GROPPING FOR?

I SHALL--WHAT?
MY SENSES REEL--
I CAN SCARCELY
SEE! BUT THIS IS
IMPOSS--

(HE CANNOT
HEAR YOU,
HERR HANSEN.)



(OF COURSE
HE CANNOT!
DO YOU THINK
HE WHO LAID
OUR PLANS DID
NOT KNOW OF
AND MAKE
ALLOWANCES
FOR THE MOST
POWERFUL
OF THE
VERDAMMTE
JUSTICE
SOCIETY??)

(THEN PERHAPS HE ALSO
KNOWS HOW LONG THEY'LL
STAY UNDER? IF IT'S NOT
LONG ENOUGH TO
ACCOMPLISH OUR
PURPOSE...)

(IT WILL
BE. HE
WAS SEEN
TO THAT!)

< BUT--WHY GO THROUGH WITH THE ORIGINAL PLAN? WHY NOT JUST PUT A BULLET THROUGH EACH SKULL--NICE AND CLEAN? >



JA--(THAT I CAN SEE, EVEN THROUGH HIS HELMET!)

< FRIEDRICH HAS A POINT, HERR HANSEN. >

< FOOLS! WE KNOW LITTLE OF THE TRUE BEING OF ANY OF THESE UBERMENSCHEN--LEAST OF ALL SUCH AS THE SPECTRE AND WONDER WOMAN. >

< WE FOLLOW THE PLAN--AND WE FOLLOW IT TO THE LETTER! NOW MOVE! >



< AND HURRY! IF HE WAS WRONG, AND THEY REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS--ALL IS LOST. >

JAWOHL--(ESPECIALLY US, NEIN?)

< MMMM...SEEMS A SHAME TO WASTE SUCH A WOMAN AS THIS ONE. SHE COULD BEAR STRONG CHILDREN FOR DER FUHRER. >

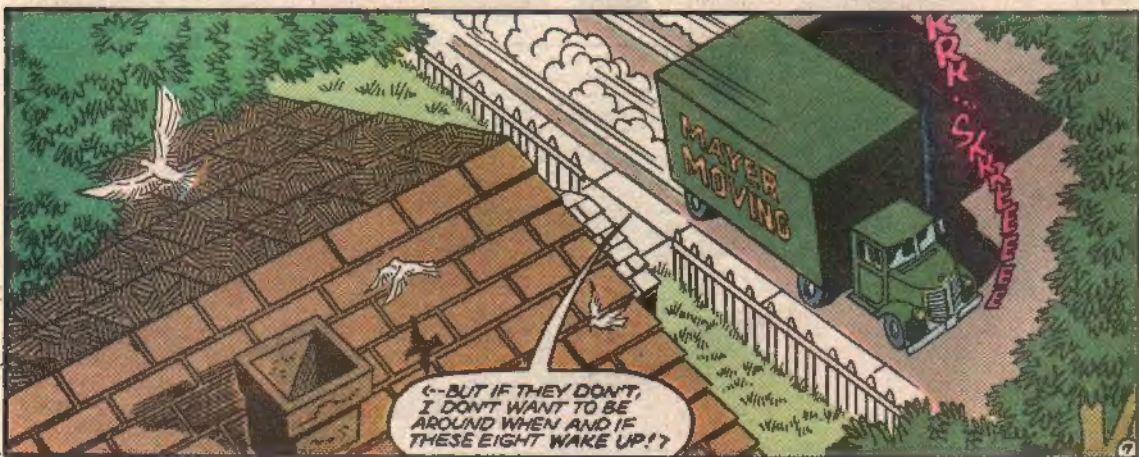
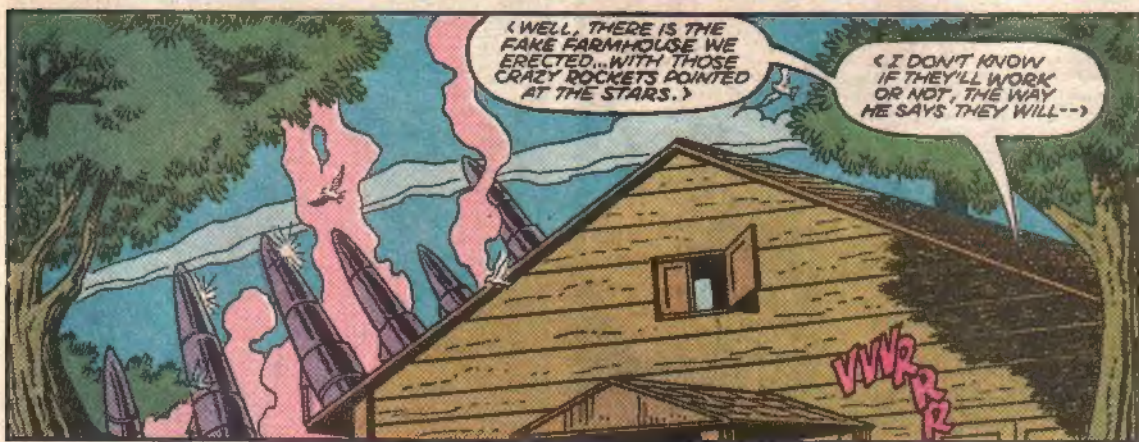
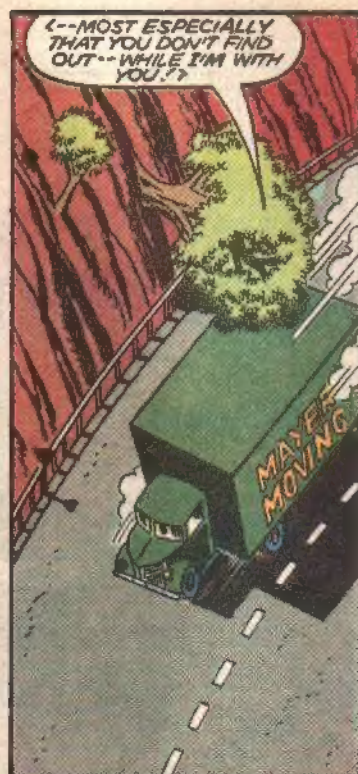
< WE HAVE PLENTY OF HEALTHY ARYAN FRAULEINS BACK HOME, FRIEDRICH. >

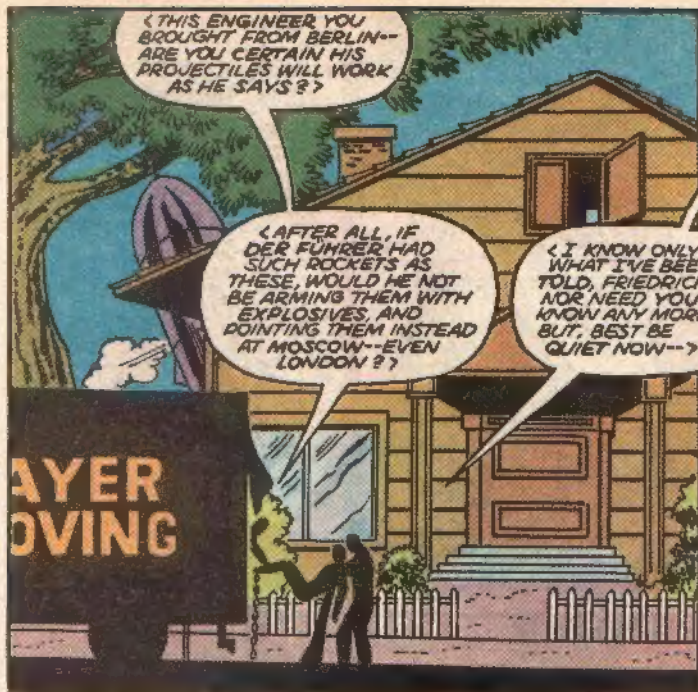
< WHO KNOWS WHAT MONGREL BLOOD FLOWS THROUGH THE VEINS OF EVEN ONE CALLED AN AMAZON? >



< FASTER, DUMMKOPF! >

< HE AWAITS US--AT THE ROCKET FIELD! >





<THIS ENGINEER YOU BROUGHT FROM BERLIN-- ARE YOU CERTAIN HIS PROJECTILES WILL WORK AS HE SAYS?>

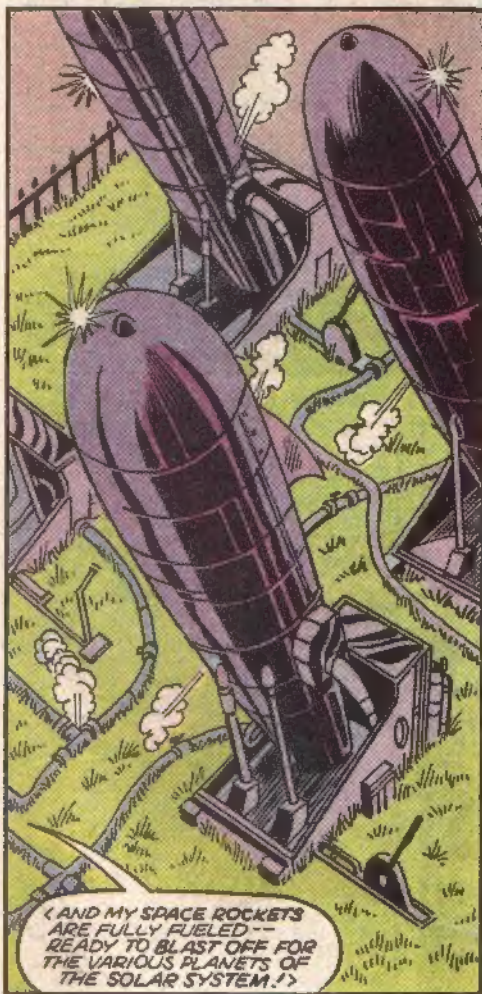
<AFTER ALL, IF DER FUHRER HAD SUCH ROCKETS AS THESE, WOULD HE NOT BE ARMING THEM WITH EXPLOSIVES, AND POINTING THEM INSTEAD AT MOSCOW--EVEN LONDON?>

<I KNOW ONLY WHAT I'VE BEEN TOLD, FRIEDRICH. NOR NEED YOU KNOW ANY MORE, BUT, BEST BE QUIET NOW-->



<FOR THERE IS ENGINEER GOOTSDEN.>

ACH--SEHR BUT! YOU HAVE THE DAMNED AMERICANS!>



<AND MY SPACE ROCKETS ARE FULLY FUELED-- READY TO BLAST OFF FOR THE VARIOUS PLANETS OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM!>

<MY AUTOMATIC CONTROL OF THE CENTRIFUGAL APPARATUS WILL START THEM-- AND SIGNAL THE FATHERLAND AND ITS ORIENTAL FRIENDS TO LAUNCH THEIR GREAT MILITARY OFFENSIVE.>

<BUT--HOW WILL DER FUHRER KNOW WHEN THE ROCKETS ARE LAUNCHED, HERR GOOTSDEN?>



<HE WILL KNOW, BECAUSE OF POWERFUL RADIO SIGNALS WHICH WILL BE SENT AT THE SAME MOMENT TO THE REICH CHANCELLERY-- TO MY ASSISTANT WAITING THERE, WITH HIS OWN ASSIGNMENT.>



<THAT IS ONLY APPROPRIATE, SINCE IT WAS IN THAT MASTERPIECE OF NATIONAL-SOCIALIST ARCHITECTURE THAT MY PLAN CAME TO FRUITION.>

<YOU MEAN--AFTER YOU DISCOVERED A WAY TO BRING THE OBERMENSCH CALLED CAPTAIN MARVEL TO EARTH--AND ENLIST HIM IN OUR CAUSE?>

NEIN KIT ALL BEGAN MONTHS BEFORE THAT...>

* ISSUES #36-37.
Reef-6



< ON THAT FATEFUL DAY, SOON AFTER THE CLEVER JAPANESE ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR, WHEN I FINALLY OBTAINED THE ROCKETS YOU SEE YONDER... >

< ENGINEER HEINRICH GOOTSDEN IS HERE, MEIN FÜHRER, AS YOU COMMANDED. >

< GOOD, YOU MAY LEAVE US NOW. >

< JAHOHL. HEIL HITLER. >

< I HAVE COMPLETED THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE DEVICES OF WHICH I TOLD YOU, MEIN FÜHRER--WITH AN ALIEN ENTITY FROM ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER COSMOS. >



< THEN YOU MUST USE THOSE DEVICES TO RID ME OF THE SO-CALLED JUSTICE BATTALION! THEY ARE A THORN IN MY SIDE! >

< AND IN OURS, CHANCELLOR-SÄN. >

< I WAS AMAZED TO SEE THAT A HIGH-RANKING IMPERIAL JAPANESE OFFICER WAS PRESENT... SINCE THE REICH AND OUR HONORARY ARMYN' ALLIES HARDLY COORDINATE OUR WAR-PLANS AS MUCH AS OUR OPPONENTS IMAGINE. >

< THE ROCKET MODEL I HAVE RECEIVED IS READY FOR YOUR INSPECTION, MEIN FÜHRER... PRECISELY ON SCHEDULE. >



< IT IS! THEN COME, GENERAL SAMARA-- ALL OF YOU! THIS MUST BE SEEN TO BE BELIEVED! >



< THERE IT IS, FÜHRER, ONLY A PORTABLE MODEL, NOW, BUT WITH THE SPECIFICATIONS OUR REICHSGOLD PURCHASED, I WILL BE ABLE TO BUILD FULL-SCALE ONES, BOTH QUICKLY--AND OUT OF NEARLY ANY AVAILABLE METALS. >

< VUNDERBAR! I HAVE A FEW OTHER EXPERIMENTS FOR YOU TO PERFORM FIRST WITH OUR NEWLY-OBTAINED DATA, HERR GOOTSDEN... >



< ...YET IT WILL NOT BE LONG BEFORE THE VERY STARS WE SEE TWINKLING OVERHEAD--WILL BE THE ROTTING CORPSES OF THE JUSTICE BATTALION! >

< AND ON THAT DAY--WE SHALL DIVIDE THE EARTH BETWEEN US! >

< AND SO WE SHALL! THE BRINGING OF A MESMERIZED CAPTAIN MARVEL TO OUR DIMENSION DELAYED THE START OF THIS MISSION, BUT AT LAST IT IS TIME! >

< BUT--WHERE DID YOU OBTAIN SUCH FANTASTIC SECRETS? THEY ARE BEYOND EVEN NAZI SCIENCE! >

< AND NOW--THE MOMENT HAS COME! >

< AS OUR ORIENTAL FRIENDS MIGHT SAY, THE JUSTICE BATTALION ARE ABOUT TO BE--SHANGHAIED INTO SPACE! >

< NEVER MIND! WHAT MATTERS IS, THESE ROCKETS ARE DESIGNED TO HOME IN ON THE OTHER EIGHT PLANETS OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM-- >

< --BY METHODS YOUR PUNY MIND COULD NEVER COMPREHEND! >

VAS IST DAS?
< SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG! THE ROCKETS HAVE RISEN, AS THEY WERE DESIGNED TO DO-- >

< --BUT NOW THEY ARE VANISHING INTO THIN AIR! >

< THEN YOUR PLAN HAS FAILED, HERR ENGINEER? >

< NOT AT ALL, SCHWEINHUND! DER FOHRER ORDERED ME ONLY TO RID HIM OF HIS ENEMIES--TO SEND THEM OFF THE EARTH! >

< SO FAR AS ANYONE KNOWS, THEY ARE NOW OFF IN SPACE AS PLANNED, NEIN! >

< YOU DON'T TELL ANYONE... I WON'T TELL ANYONE! >

BUT THERE IS SOMEONE WHO KNOWS, ENGINEER GOOTSDEN... 10

[CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.]

A MOMENT BEFORE, SHE STOOD BETWEEN THE UNIVERSES, WITHIN AN ARTIFICIAL SATELLITE CREATED BY THE BEING CALLED THE MONITOR IN THE MONTH OF JULY, IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1985.

NOW, SHE PAUSES MOMENTARILY IN HER ATOM-POWERED FLIGHT, FAR ABOVE THE WAR-RACKED WORLD OF APRIL 1, 1942.

AND SHE IS ANYTHING BUT AN APRIL FOOL'S JOKE.

A MOMENT BEFORE, SHE WAS THE WOMAN NAMED LYLA.

NOW--SHE IS HARBINGER.

SO! IT WOULD SEEM THAT THE NAZI ENGINEER GOOTSDEN HAS MADE SOME SORT OF USE OF THE PRIMITIVE-STYLE ROCKETS WHICH HE PURCHASED FROM THE MONITOR.

UNFORTUNATELY, MY PASSAGE BACK THROUGH TIME AND SPACE SEEMS TO HAVE AFFECTED THEIR FLIGHT--HURLING EACH OF THEM INTO AN ALTERNATE DIMENSION--

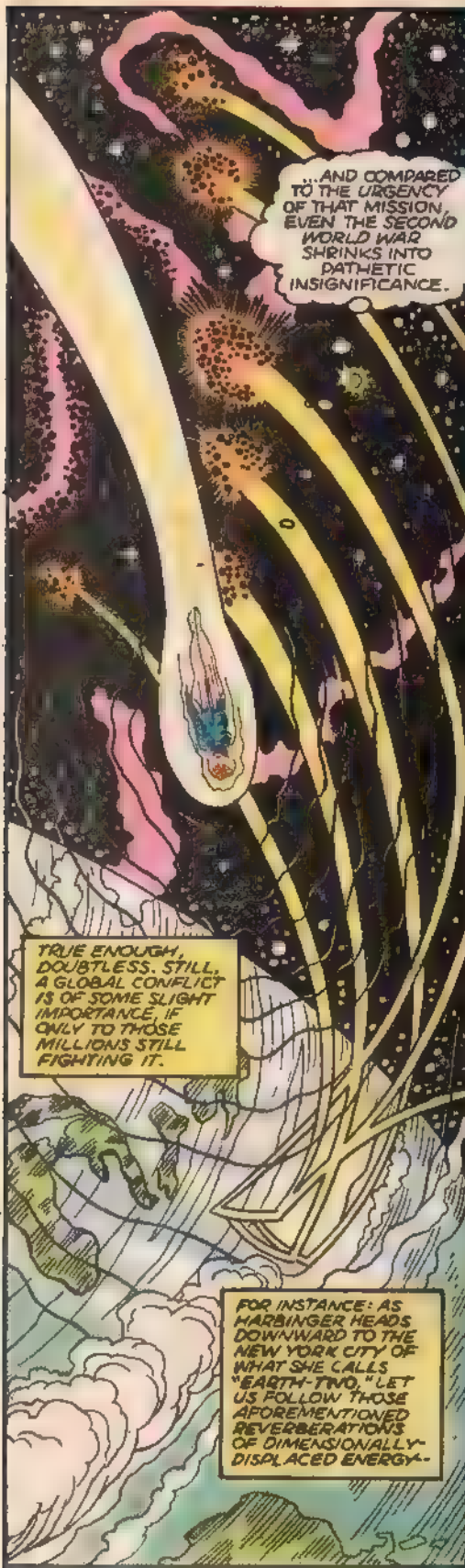
--WHEREIN THE SOLAR PLANETS TOWARD WHICH THEY STREAK ARE FAR DIFFERENT FROM THOSE OF THE "EARTH-TWO" UNIVERSE.

I SENSE, TOO, THAT MY SUDDEN INTRUSION ONTO THIS PLANE WILL CAUSE REVERBERATIONS BACK ALONG THEIR BERLIN POWER SOURCE, AS WELL.

STILL, I HAVE COME TO THIS WAR-TORN WORLD AND TIME ON QUITE ANOTHER MISSION, WHOLLY UNRELATED TO THE PUNY POWER GAMES OF ADOLF HITLER AND HIDEKI TOJO...

CHAPTER II

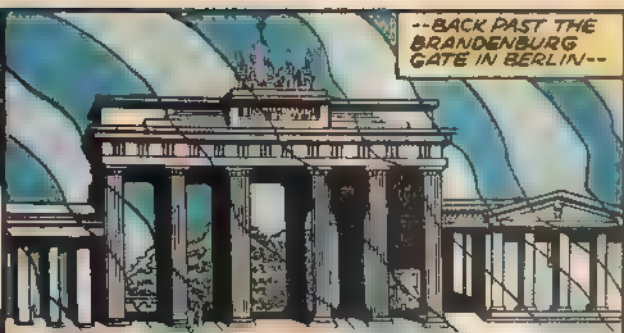
"WORLDS IN COLLISION"



...AND COMPARED
TO THE URGENCY
OF THAT MISSION
EVEN THE SECOND
WORLD WAR
SHRINKS INTO
PATHETIC
INSIGNIFICANCE.

TRUE ENOUGH,
DOUBTLESS. STILL,
A GLOBAL CONFLICT
IS OF SOME SLIGHT
IMPORTANCE, IF
ONLY TO THOSE
MILLIONS STILL
FIGHTING IT.

FOR INSTANCE: AS
HARBINGER HEADS
DOWNWARD TO THE
NEW YORK CITY OF
WHAT SHE CALLS
"EARTH-TWO," LET
US FOLLOW THOSE
AFOREMENTIONED
REVERBERATIONS
OF DIMENSIONALLY-
DISPLACED ENERGY--



--BACK PAST THE
BRANDENBURG
GATE IN BERLIN--

--TO THE STATELY
REICH CHANCELLERY--



--WHERE?



WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?

IT'S GONE NOW,
JUST A SLIGHT
TINGLE, YET
SOMEHOW--



DON'T LET IT THROW YOU,
STEEL! ONE SLIP, AND
YOU'LL BE JUST ANOTHER
SLUDGE SPOT DOWN
THERE, UNDER THAT
GUARD'S JACKBOOT



OR AT LEAST
THE EASIEST
TARGET PRACTICE
ANYBODY'S HAD
SINCE PEARL
HARBOR.

AS HE CONTINUES HIS RAPID, STEALTHY
CLIMBING, THE MAN CALLED COMMANDER
STEEL SHRUGS OFF THE BITTER
MEMORIES OF EVENTS WHICH HAVE
BROUGHT HIM HERE, TO THE VERY
HEART OF AN EVIL EMPIRE...

AS IF FOR THE FIRST TIME, HE FEELS ANEW THE SMALL FISTS OF THE WOMAN HE HAS ALWAYS LOVED, BEATING IN FUTILE FURY AGAINST HIS ARMORED CHEST--FEELING HIM SOMEHOW RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS OF BOTH HER FATHER--AND HER FIANCE, HANK HEYWOOD.

BUT SHE WASN'T GLORIA GILES ANY LONGER WAS SHE? SHE'S MRS BRAD FARLEY NOW--WIFE OF A U.S. ARMY OFFICER.

TWO MONTHS LATER, SHE HAD HARDLY REACTED TO HIM EVEN WHEN HE HAD DOFFED HIS MASK--AND REVEALED THAT HE WAS HANK HEYWOOD, STILL VERY MUCH ALIVE.

IT WASN'T JUST THAT SHE WAS MARRIED TO ANOTHER MAN.

IT WAS ALSO THAT SHE WAS EXPECTING CAPTAIN FARLEY'S CHILD--

--WHILE FARLEY HIMSELF HAD BECOME A NAZI CAPTIVE.

IRONIC THAT THE UNDERGROUND SAYS FARLEY'S BEING HELD PRISONER IN THE CHANCELLERY ITSELF WONDER WHY?

WELL, WHATEVER THE REASON-- I VOWED TO GLORIA I'D GET HIM BACK FOR HER, OR DIE TRYING.

ISSUES #13, 38 --Roy

SOMEHOW, IT'S AS IF MY WHOLE LIFE'S BEEN LIVED MERELY TO GET ME HERE TO THIS MOMENT, AND--

NEIN, HERR GOOTSDEN!! I CANNOT TELL WHAT HAS GONE WRONG WITH THE POWER SOURCE OF YOUR ROCKETS I--

SAY, NOW! WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

< THEN FIND OUT, DAMN YOU! BUT DON'T TELL ANYONE THAT ANYTHING WENT WRONG AT THIS END! >

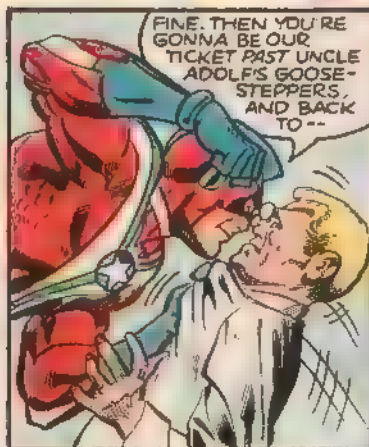
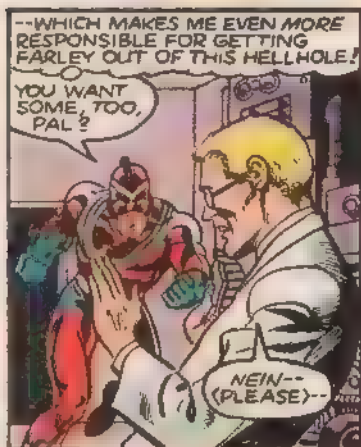
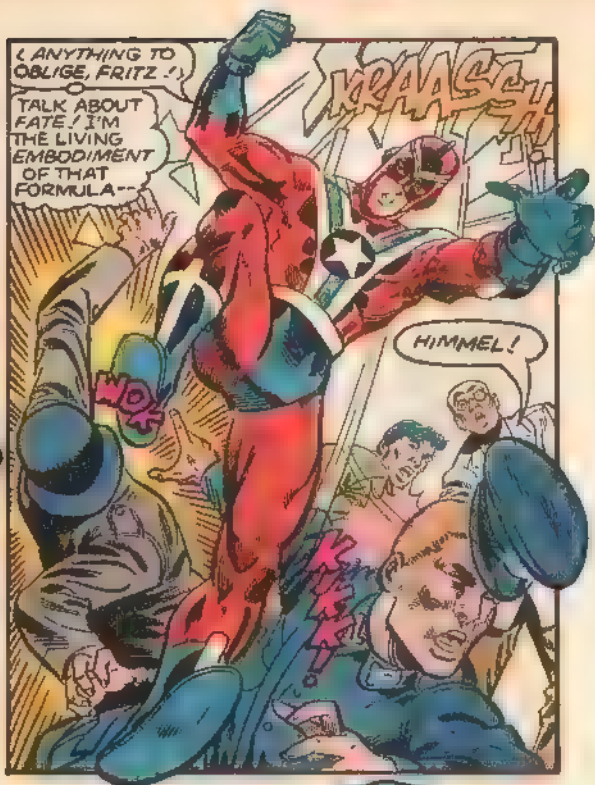
< OVER AND OUT! >

< KEEP A CIVIL TONGUE IN YOUR HEAD WHEN YOU SPEAK TO THE S.S., HERR PROFESSOR. THE FUHRER ORDERED US TO BRING THIS CAPTIVE AMERIKANER TO YOU FOR QUESTIONING. >

< WHAT DO YOU PEOPLE WANT? I'M VERY BUSY HERE... >

< SINCE YOU SPEAK ENGLISH, THE FUHRER THOUGHT HE MIGHT TELL YOU WHAT HE HAS REFUSED TO TELL HIS PREVIOUS QUESTIONERS. > (13)

CONTINUED ON 2nd PAGE FOLLOWING.



...THE REASON "WHY NOT" IS APPROACHING THE ISLAND OF MANHATTAN AT NEARLY THE SPEED OF THOUGHT!

--AND IN THIS CORNER--

--THE WINNERS AND NEW CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD--

--WEIGHING IN AT APPROXIMATELY THIRTEEN HUNDRED POUNDS--

WADSON SQUARE GARDEN
SPECIAL TO-NITE
WAR BOND RALLY

--THE ALL-STAR SQUADRON!

BUY BONDS

NOW, COME ON, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN-- YOU CALL THAT APPLAUSE? YOU CALL THAT A WELCOME WORTHY OF THE GREATEST CITY IN THE WORLD?

YOU WANT TO EMBARRASS YOUR HUMBLE MAYOR-- THE GUY THAT TALKED THE ALL-STARS INTO SHOEHORNING THIS RALLY INTO THEIR HECTIC SCHEDULE?

AFTER ALL, SOME OF THESE BRAVE GUYS AND GALS JUST GOT IN FROM ENGLAND-- AND IF YOU READ THE PAPERS,* I'M SURE YOU'LL SOON KNOW WHAT THEY WERE UP TO OVER THERE!

NOW, LET'S TRY IT AGAIN, SHALL WE-- LIKE NEW YORKERS THIS TIME!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN-- I GIVE YOU--

*OR ISSUES #48-49, --Roy.

--THE ALL-STAR SQUADRON!

MAYBE IT'S JUST 'CAUSE I D.D.N. T VOTE FOR FIORELLO C. GUARDIA--BUT I FIND THIS WHOLE APPROACH DOWNRIGHT EMBARRASSING.

HE IS A BIT OF A JESTER, IN SOOTH--YET HE MEANS WELL.

GET WITH IT, FELLAS. WE'RE HERE TO SELL WAR BONDS, REMEMBER?

THEN LET'S GET 'EM SOLD, TARANTULA--SO I CAN GET BACK TO MY BEAT BEFORE THE POLICE DEPARTMENT DOCKS ME!

COME ON, SANDRA. SLAM THOSE HANDS TOGETHER!

NOT ME, DANETTE. I'D BE LIKE APPLAUDING MYSELF--AT LEAST MY PHANTOM LADY SELF.

KAP KAP KAP KAP KAP

HI, SIS SELLIN' ANY BONDS TODAY?

BY THE CARLOAD, ROD AND HOW'S MY FAVORITE ENSIGN BEARING UP?

LOOK UP! SURE ENOUGH!

JUST TAKING YOUR ADVICE, AND GETTING OUT OF THE PENTHOUSE. EVEN IF I HAVE TO DO IT ON CRUTCHES.

NOT MUCH TO DO AROUND THERE ANYWAY--NOT SINCE DAD--

I KNOW. HAVE YOU BEEN BY THE HOSPITAL YET, TO SEE MOTHER?

JUST CAME FROM THERE.

SHE'S DOING GREAT. ALREADY HAS THE DOCTORS EATING OUT OF HER HAND.

WELL, I'M JUST IN THE WAY HERE. MAYBE I'LL MINGLE WITH THE PAYING CUSTOMERS A WHILE.

A NAVY MAN WOUNDED AT PEARL MIGHT JUST BE GOOD FOR BUSINESS.

ROD, I KNOW YOU'RE EAGER TO GET BACK INTO THIS WAR...

OLD LEG'S GETTING BETTER EVERY DAY. HEY, WHO KNOWS...

ONCE SLUGGER'S MENDED, TOO-- IF THE NAVY WON'T HAVE US BACK--

--MAYBE I'LL TAKE BACK MY OLD COSTUME, AND GET BACK INTO ACTION AS THE ORIGINAL FIREBRAND.

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT?

I MIGHT JUST SURPRISE YOU BY RETIRING. YOUR OUTFIT WASN'T EXACTLY DESIGNED WITH A WOMAN IN MIND, ANYWAY.

I MEAN REALLY, BIG BROTHER-- A SEE-THROUGH SHIRT?

ACTUALLY, ROD COULDN'T GET ME TO GIVE UP BEING FIREBRAND WITH A COURT WRIT.

BUT IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE HIM FULL OF LIFE AGAIN-- AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS IN THAT FRISCO HOSPITAL...

**I WANT YOU
FOR U.S. ARMY**

NEAREST RECRUITING STATION

I DON'T GET IT! SINCE WHEN'D THEY LET A BLACK BOY RUN WITH THE ALL-STARS?

PIPE DOWN, CHARLIE. I THINK HE HEARD YA.

MAYBE HE'S RIGHT, DR. FATE. MAYBE I SHOULD'VE STAYED BACK IN DETROIT.

YOU'RE NO QUITTER, AMAZING-MAN. DON'T START NOW.

I'M FOAMING AT THE MOUTH, HOURMAN. YOU'VE GOTTA TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED OVER IN ENGLAND.

HEY, LET ME CATCH MY BREATH FIRST. WE JUST GOT BACK.

NOT A CHANCE. US WRITERS ARE NATURAL-BORN SNOOPS.

FOR INSTANCE, WHO'S THE CIVILIAN YOU GUYS BROUGHT BACK WITH YOU?

OH, HIM?..

"...THAT'S DOCTOR OCCULT? EVER HEAR OF HIM?"

"YOU MEAN-- THE FAMOUS PSYCHIC DETECTIVE?"

"NONE BUT."

"HE SAID HE'S BEEN OUT OF CIRCULATION LONG ENOUGH-- AND HE'S NOT GONNA REST TILL HE LEARNS HOW THE SPECTRE PULLS HIS LITTLE ECTOPLASMIC SLEIGHT-OF-HAND."

"OH? WELL, I'D RATHER NOT BE AROUND WHEN HE FINDS OUT THE SPECTRE'S NOT A FAKE-- BUT A REAL GHOST."

BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU? BRANDY
MUTTERED SOMETHING ABOUT
A HEART ATTACK...

A GUY CAN'T
KEEP A SECRET
AROUND HERE,
CAN HE? TURNS
OUT IT WASN'T
QUITE THAT--

---BUT IT WAS SEVERE ENOUGH THAT I WOKE UP
IN FATE'S TOWER NEAR SALEM, MASS.--

---TO SEE HIM MAKING A
BUNCH OF MYSTIC PASSES
AT ME---JUST LIKE HE'D
NEVER GIVEN UP THAT BIG
MAGIC HELMET OF HIS.

"MATTER OF FACT, A
SECOND LATER, I FELT
A WRENCHING IN MY GUT--

---AND A BIG BLACK
CLOUD CAME ROILIN'
UP OUT OF ME.

"FATE BANISHED IT FROM THE
TOWER WITH SOME MUMBO-
JUMBO I COULDN'T BEGIN TO
UNDERSTAND...

THAT...MUST'VE
BEEN PRETTY
POTENT STUFF...
TO BRING ME BACK
FROM THE HAPPY
HUNTING-GROUND

OH, HI, INZA.
LONG TIME
NO SEE.

THIS TOWER'S
THE ONLY
PLACE I CAN
STILL WORK ANY
OVERT MAGIC,
REX.

...AND THE STUFF
JUST PLAIN
VANISHED...
ALONG WITH MY
PAIN.

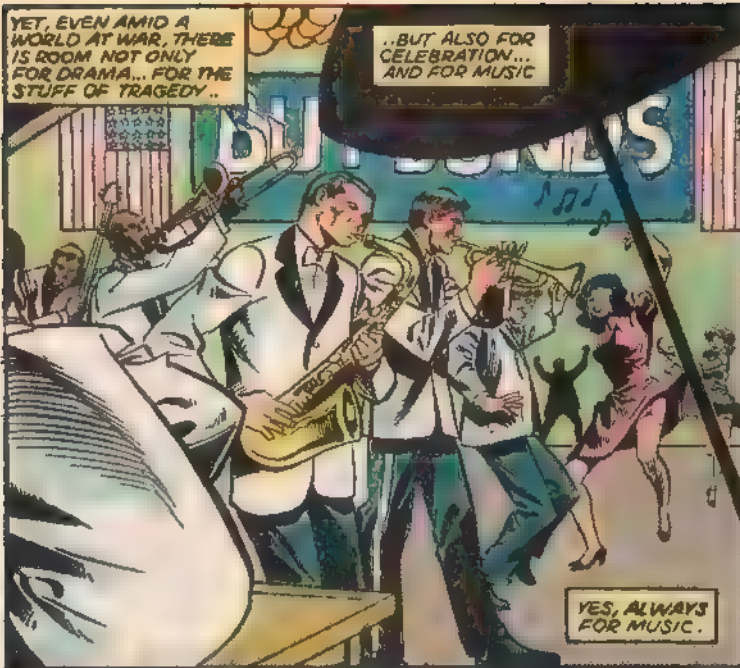
I USED IT TO
DRAW OUT OF YOU
SOME OF THE
POISON YOU'VE BEEN
TAKING INTO YOUR
SYSTEM, EVERY TIME
YOU POPPED A
MIRACLO PILL...

BUT THAT WAS IT, HE
SAID. IF I TAKE EVEN ONE
MORE, AT LEAST TILL I
GET RID OF THE SIDE EFFECTS--

WHAT'LL I
DO, JOHN?
I DON'T WANT
TO STOP BEING
HOURMAN..

YOU DON'T
WANT TO STOP
LIVING, EITHER,
REX...

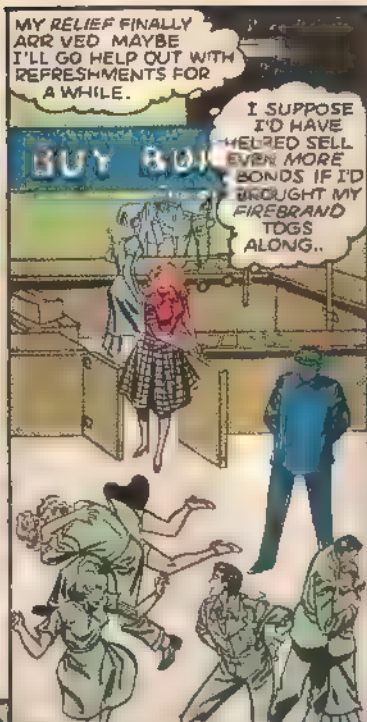
...AND FRANKLY,
IT SOUNDS TO ME
LIKE THAT MAY BE
THE CHOICE
YOU'VE GOT!



YET, EVEN AMID A WORLD AT WAR, THERE IS ROOM NOT ONLY FOR DRAMA... FOR THE STUFF OF TRAGEDY...

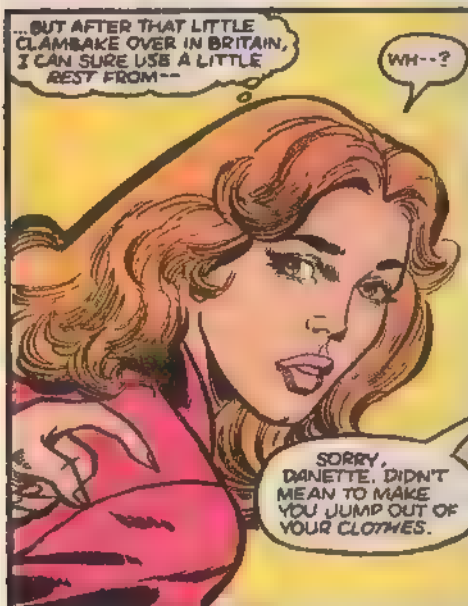
...BUT ALSO FOR CELEBRATION... AND FOR MUSIC

YES, ALWAYS FOR MUSIC.



MY RELIEF FINALLY ARRIVED MAYBE I'LL GO HELP OUT WITH REFRESHMENTS FOR A WHILE.

I SUPPOSE I'D HAVE HELPED SELL EVEN MORE BONDS IF I'D BROUGHT MY FIREBRAND TOGS ALONG...



...BUT AFTER THAT LITTLE CLAMBAKE OVER IN BRITAIN, I CAN SURE USE A LITTLE REST FROM--

WH--?

SORRY, DANETTE. DIDN'T MEAN TO MAKE YOU JUMP OUT OF YOUR CLOTHES.



WHICH IS ABOUT THE ONLY WAY THEY HAVEN'T TRIED YET TO BOOST WAR-BOND SALES. WHAT'S UP, SANDRA?

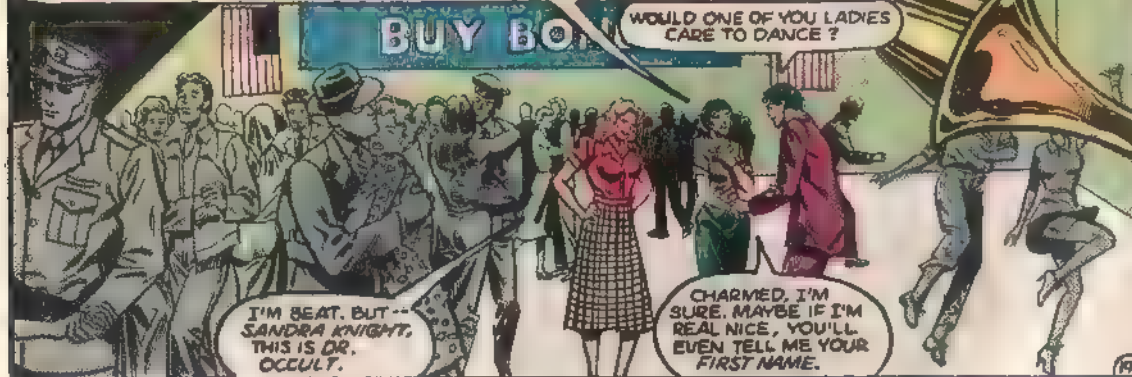
NOTHING, REALLY.



JUST WONDERED IF YOU'D LIKE TO DOUBLE-DATE AGAIN TOMORROW NIGHT, TARANTULA-- JOHN LAW--ASKED ME, AND I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU AND HOURMAN...

SURE, WHY NOT? THOUGH I'M NOT SURE IT'D BE WITH REX TYLER.

SUIT YOURSELF, SIR JUSTIN'S PRETTY GROOVY, TOO, IF YOU'RE CRAZY ABOUT CHIVALRY. HE--

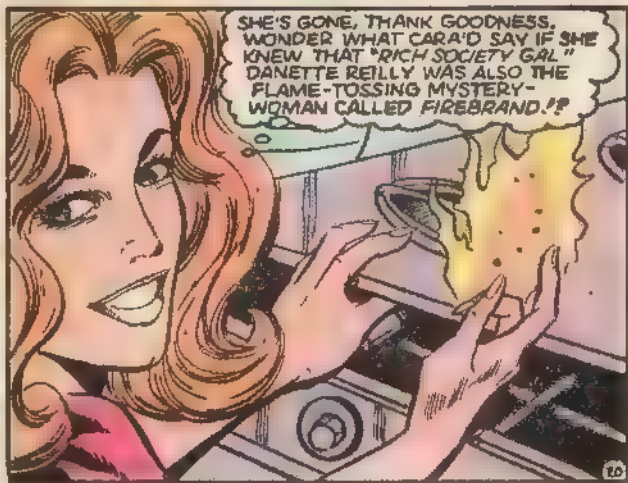
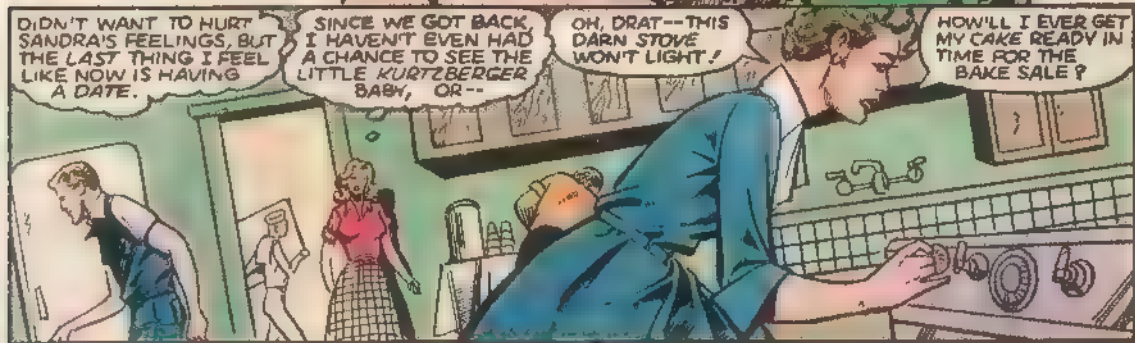
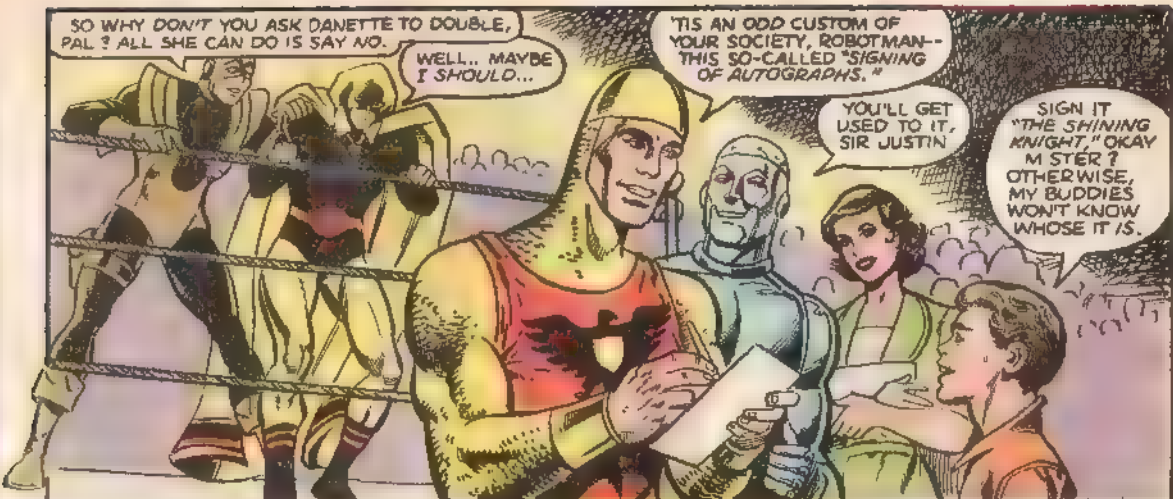


BUY BONDS

WOULD ONE OF YOU LADIES CARE TO DANCE?

I'M BEAT. BUT-- SANDRA KNIGHT, THIS IS DR. OCCULT.

CHARMED, I'M SURE. MAYBE IF I'M REAL NICE, YOU'LL EVEN TELL ME YOUR FIRST NAME.





WHO ARE YOU??
AND--WHAT
MAKES YOU
THINK I'M--?

DANETTE
REILLY, I AM
HARBINGER--
AND WE NEED
YOU.

I JUST REALIZED--
NOBODY ELSE IN SIGHT
IS EVEN MOVING! IT'S AS
IF THEY'RE ALL SUDDENLY--
FROZEN IN TIME!

LISTEN, WHOEVER YOU ARE--
IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE
THEN LET ME CALL THE REST
OF THE ALL-STAR SQUADRON.
WE CAN ALL HELP TO--

NO, DANETTE. IT IS YOU I NEED

OR RATHER--
IT IS
FIREBRAND!

GOOD
GRIEF!

SOMETHING'S--

MY
COSTUME??
HOW'D YOU
DO THAT?

PLEASE... COME WITH ME AND ALL WILL BE
MADE CLEAR.

I--I DON'T KNOW WHY I
TRUST YOU, BUT I DO, ALL
RIGHT, HOW DO WE
GET TO WHEREVER
WE'RE GOING?

CLICK OUR HEELS
TOGETHER AND SAY,
"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME?"

YOUR
PLANET
IS
IMPERILED.

*AS SEEN IN
CRISIS ON INFINITE
EARTHS #2. --R.

TAKE MY HAND,
FIREBRAND.
WE HAVE TWO
FURTHER STOPS
TO MAKE
BEFORE YOU
MEET THE
MONITOR

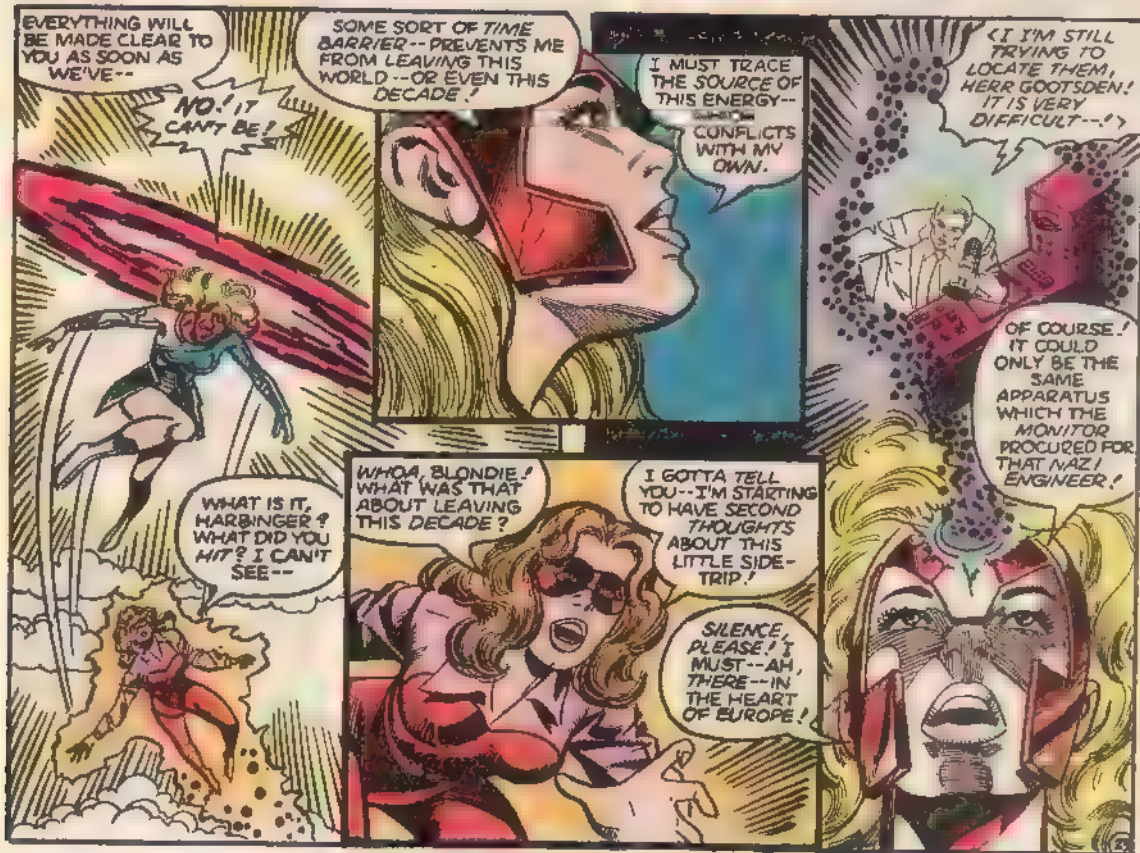
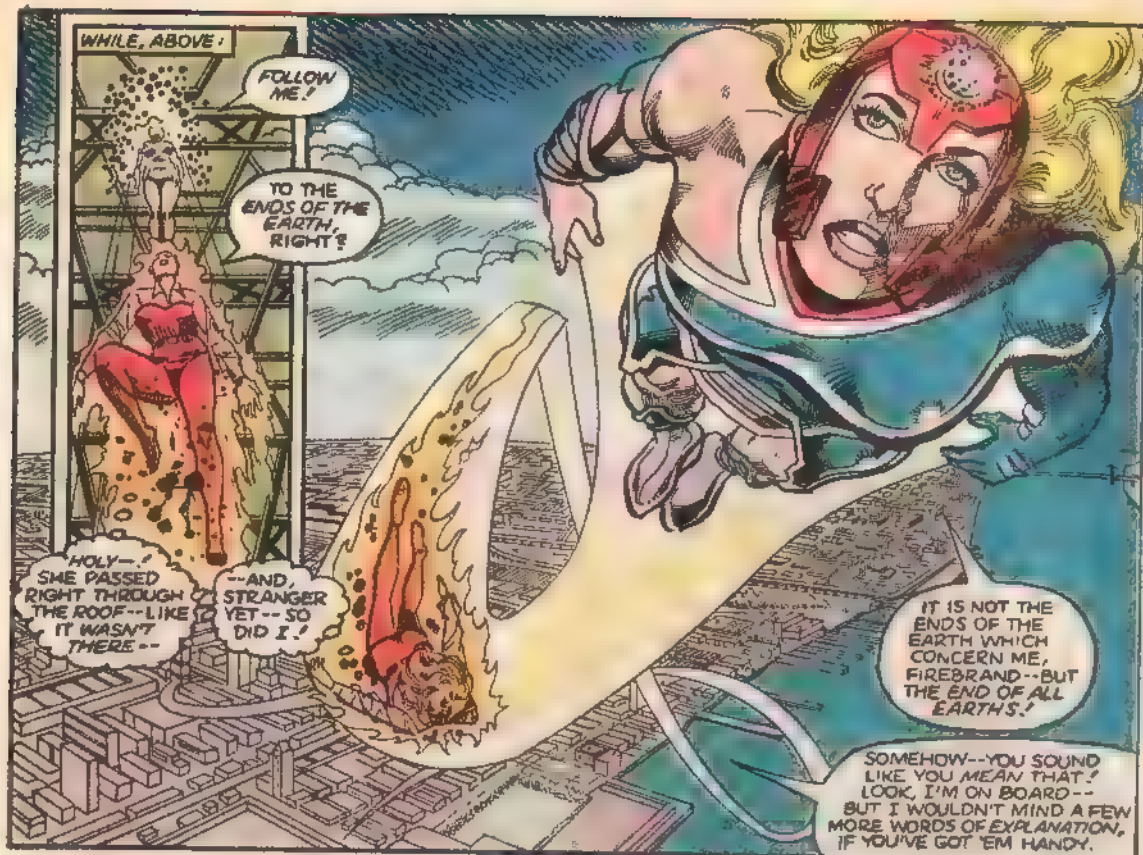
THE
MON--?

FIREBRAND'S
UNFINISHED WORD
HANGS HEAVY IN
THE MOTIONLESS
AIR...

YET, NEXT MOMENT, EVEN
AS MOTION BEGINS AGAIN
IN THE VAST HALL, IT'S
CLEAR THEIR DISAPPEAR-
ANCE HAS NOT GONE
UNNOTICED...

...AS SINISTER EYES WIDEN
WITH INTEREST... AND A
DEEP, THROATY LAUGH
ECHOES THROUGHOUT THE
ROOM...

...BEFORE ITS
NIGHT-BLACK
SOURCE VANISHES
AS UTTERLY AS
THOSE BEFORE HIM.



ONLY BY SOME CURSED COSMIC FATE COULD GOOTSDEN AND HIS LACKEY HAVE DECIDED TO UTILIZE THAT DEVICE AT THE VERY MOMENT I HAD BUSINESS UPON THIS EARTH.

WHATEVER THE MONITOR'S ARRANGEMENT WITH THESE MEN--I DARE NOT LET IT INTERFERE WITH MY QUEST!

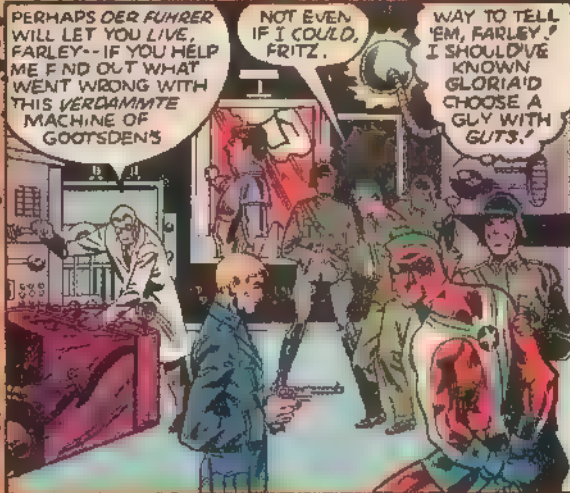
I MUST PLUNGE THROUGH THE TIME BARRIER--NOW--AND LET BEFALL WHAT MAY, NO MATTER WHO IS HARMED!



PERHAPS DER FUHRER WILL LET YOU LIVE, FARLEY--IF YOU HELP ME FIND OUT WHAT WENT WRONG WITH THIS VERDAMMTE MACHINE OF GOOTSDEN'S

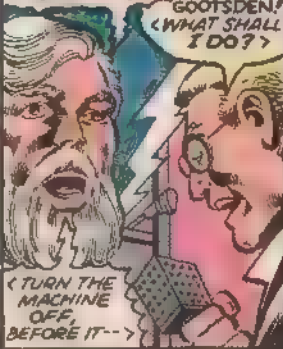
NOT EVEN IF I COULD, FRITZ.

WAY TO TELL 'EM, FARLEY! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN GLORIA'D CHOOSE A GUY WITH GUTS!



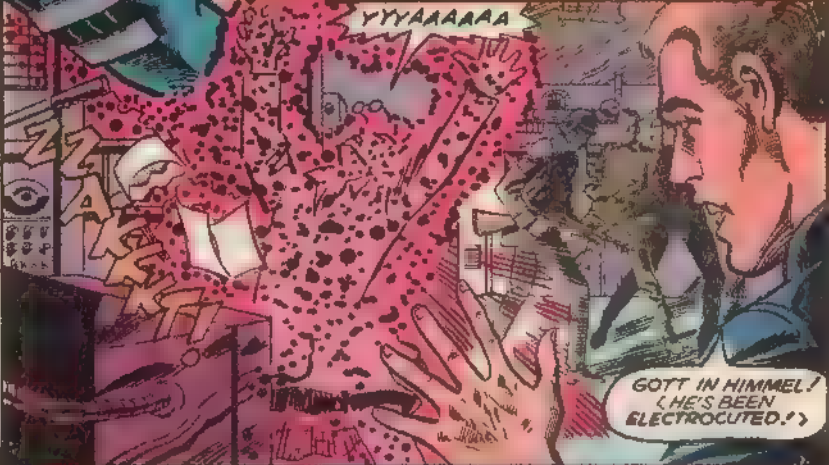
<FOOL! DO YOU NOT FEEL IT--SOME DANGEROUS NEW FEEDBACK?>

JA, HERE GOOTSDEN! <WHAT SHALL I DO?>



<TURN THE MACHINE OFF, BEFORE IT-->

YYYYAAAAA



GOTT IN HIMMEL! <HE'S BEEN ELECTROCUTED!>

THAT'S JUST THE LITTLE DIVERSION I WAS WAITING FOR TO FLEX MY STEEL SKELETON!

<NOT AS FREE AS I'M GONNA BE, GOOSE-STEPPER!>

<LOOK OUT! THE MASKED MAN IS FREE!>



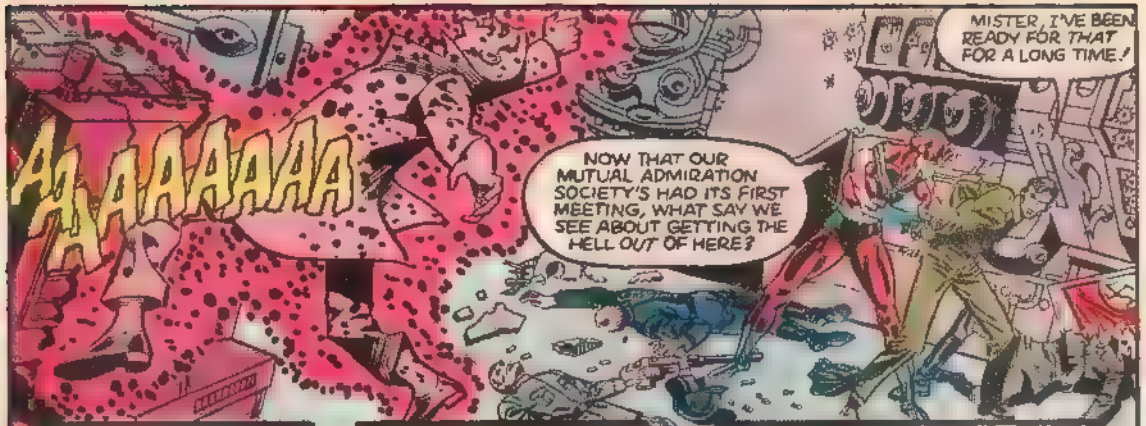
SNAP!



HEY, YOU SPEAK PRETTY GOOD GERMAN, STEEL!



AND YOU DO A PRETTY FAIR JOB OF COVERING A FELLA'S BACKSIDE, FARLEY!



MISTER, I'VE BEEN READY FOR THAT FOR A LONG TIME!

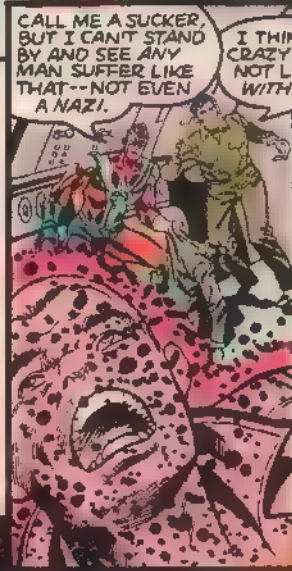
NOW THAT OUR MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY'S HAD ITS FIRST MEETING, WHAT SAY WE SEE ABOUT GETTING THE HELL OUT OF HERE?

AAAAAAA



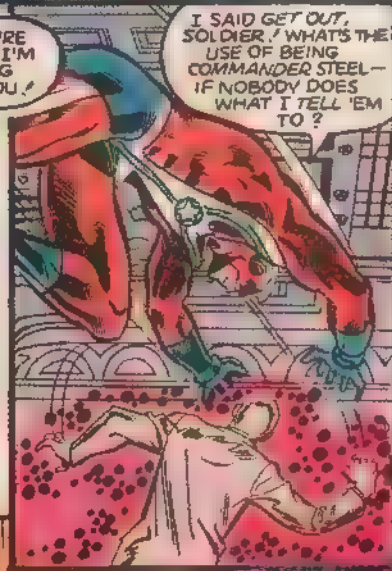
HERE'S AN ADDRESS-- SOMEBODY IN THE BERLIN UNDERGROUND WHO'LL HELP YOU GET BACK TO THE ALLIED LINES

HUH? WHAT ABOUT YOU?



CALL ME A SUCKER, BUT I CAN'T STAND BY AND SEE ANY MAN SUFFER LIKE THAT--NOT EVEN A NAZI.

I THINK YOU'RE CRAZY--BUT I'M NOT LEAVING WITHOUT YOU!



I SAID GET OUT, SOLDIER! WHAT'S THE USE OF BEING COMMANDER STEEL-- IF NOBODY DOES WHAT I TELL 'EM TO?

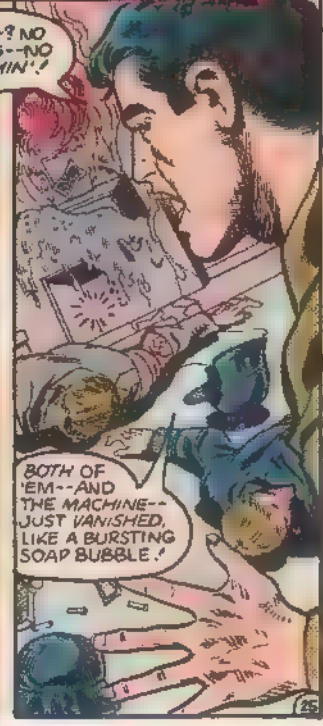


NO GO, THIS GUY'S DEAD AS A DOORNAIL-- AND IF MY SPECIAL INSULATED DUDS DON'T PROTECT ME--!

WATCH IT, STEEL! THAT THING'S GONNA--



WH--? NO BANG--NO NOTHIN'!

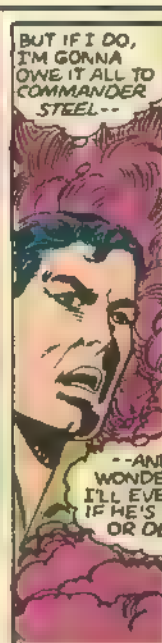


BOTH OF 'EM--AND THE MACHINE-- JUST VANISHED, LIKE A BURSTING SOAP BUBBLE.



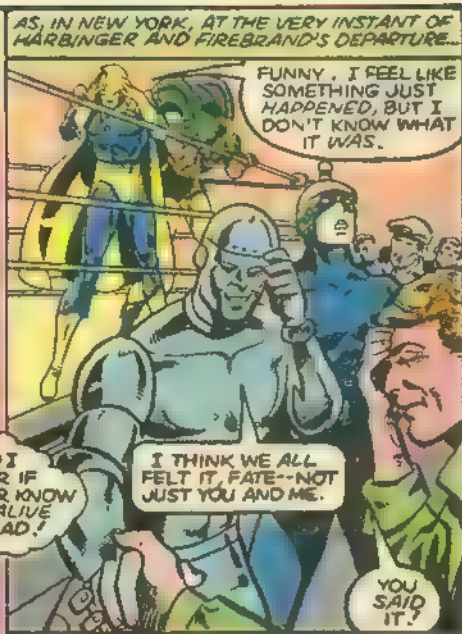
COME TO THINK OF IT, I'D BETTER PULL A VANISHING-- ACT ALL MY OWN, OR GLORIA'S DEFINITELY GONNA BE WEARING WIDOW'S WEEDS!

ALL THIS SMOKE AROUND-- MAYBE I CAN MAKE MY LITTLE GETAWAY, AT THAT!



BUT IF I DO, I'M GONNA OWE IT ALL TO COMMANDER STEEL--

--AND I WONDER IF I'LL EVER KNOW IF HE'S ALIVE OR DEAD!



AS, IN NEW YORK, AT THE VERY INSTANT OF HARBINGER AND FIREBRAND'S DEPARTURE...

FUNNY. I FEEL LIKE SOMETHING JUST HAPPENED, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS.

I THINK WE ALL FELT IT. FATE--NOT JUST YOU AND ME.

YOU SAID IT!



THIS WAY, MR. MAYOR! WE'RE GETTING YOU OUTTA THIS NUTHOUSE!

HOLD IT, YOU GUYS! I DON'T WANNA--



S-SORRY, MISS KNIGHT. DIDN'T MEAN--TO GROW TWO LEFT FEET ON YOU, BUT--

FORGET IT! I FELT--KIND-OF DIZZY MYSELF.



SIR JUSTIN! SOMEBODY JUST SNATCHED MY SISTER DANETTE!

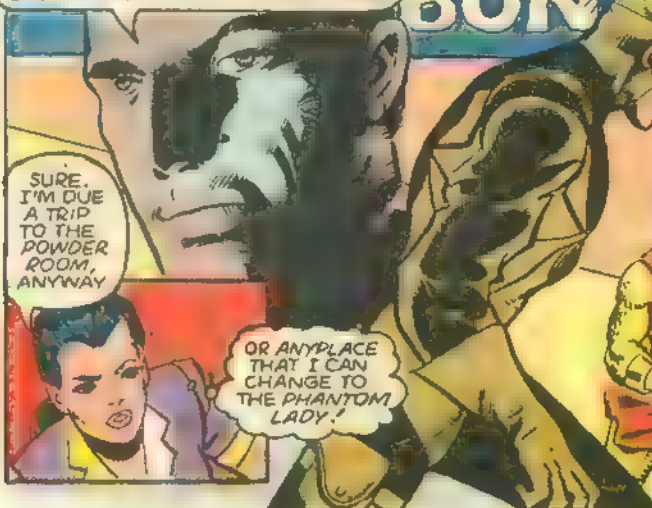
BY MY HALIDOM! BE YE CERTAIN?

ONE SECOND I WAS WALKING RIGHT TOWARD HER BACK IN THE KITCHEN AREA-- AND THE NEXT, IT WAS LIKE SHE WAS NEVER THERE!

WILL YOU EXCUSE ME, MISS KNIGHT? I'VE GOT TO TALK TO THE ALL-STARS.

BONNIE

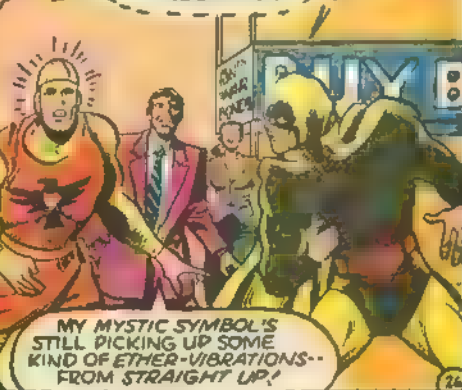
DANETTE--KIDNAPPED!? YOU THINK IT COULD BE THOSE NIGHT AND FOG CREEPS KILLED HER OLD MAN?



SURE. I'M DUE A TRIP TO THE POWDER ROOM, ANYWAY

OR ANYPLACE THAT I CAN CHANGE TO THE PHANTOM LADY!

MAYBE--OR MAYBE SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS SHE'S FIREBRAND!



MY MYSTIC SYMBOL'S STILL PICKING UP SOME KIND OF ETHER-VIBRATIONS-- FROM STRAIGHT UP!

WHAT'S LEFT
OF MY MAGIC
SENSIBILITY
SAYS THE
SAME THING.

AND MY ELECTRONIC
SENSORS ARE REGISTER-
ING SOME KIND
OF EXTRA-
NORMAL ACTIVITY
FROM THAT
DIRECTION, TOO

NOTHING-- NOT
EVEN SANDRA,
SHE'LL BE SORRY
TO LEARN.

MUH? WHAT'S MISS KNIGHT
GOT TO DO WITH YOUR
SQUADRON?

SHE DIDN'T GET AROUND TO TELLING YOU, DOC?

NOT IMPORTANT NOW,
HOURMAN. LET'S TRACE
THAT ENERGY FLOW!

REMEMBER,
EVERYBODY--
WHEN YOU
CAN'T CLIMB
ANY HIGHER,
JUST DROP
OUT!

NOT WHILST
THE FAIR MAID
FIREBRAND
MAY LIE IN
PERIL!

AND I'M BETTING
MY NEW ROCKETS
CAN KEEP UP WITH
THE BEST OF YOU.

HANG TIGHT, HEROES!
THE ALL-STAR SPECIAL'S
ABOUT TO SHOW THOSE
GLORY-HOGS WHAT
SHE CAN DO!

DAMN! MAYBE I
SHOULD'VE COME TO
THIS SHINDIG IN COSTUME
AFTER ALL!

ANYWAY, THANK
HEAVEN
FOR THIS
HANDY
SCREEN.

NOW TO-- WAIT A MINUTE!
THAT SCREEN WAS JUST
A MITE TOO CONVENIENT!
COULD IT BE--?

ULD! AFRAID YOU
GOT ME, SANDRA--

--DEAD
TO RIGHTS!

PLASTIC MAN!!
WHY, YOU--YOU
PEEPING TOM!

IT WASN'T THAT WAY,
HONEST! I'M
SECURITY,
COURTESY OF
J. EDGAR, HIM-
SELF AND A
SCREEN-SHARE
WAS JUST AN
EASY WAY TO
DO IT!

YEAH? WHY
DON'T YOU
TELL ME
ANOTHER
ONE? (27)

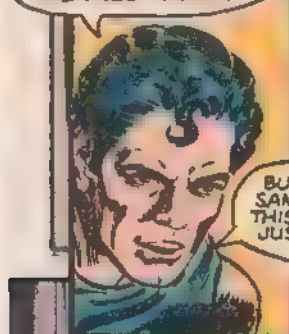


HOW ABOUT THIS
YIN SANDRY, HONEY--
UNCLE SAM NEEDS
YOU!

WHA--?
I KNOW
THAT
VOICE!

WE BOTH
DO PLAS.
IT'S--

CLOSE, OHUM, WE'RE
ON EARTH-X--A
PARALLEL WORLD
PHANTOM LADY COULD
TELL YOU ABOUT 'CAUSE
SHE'S BEEN THERE.



SEE ISSUES #31-35 --R

BUT I'M AFRAID
SAM DIDN'T PULL
THIS STUNT OFF
JUST TO IMPRESS
YOU.

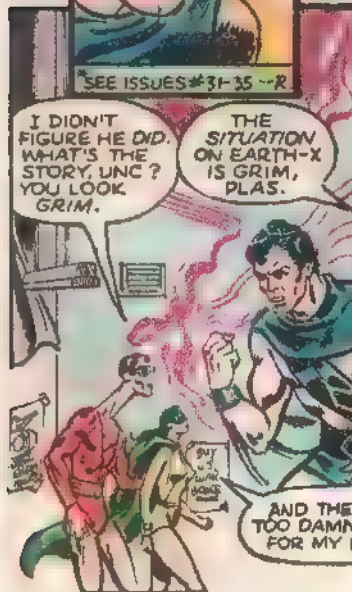


--UNCLE SAM
HIMSELF!

THAT'S RIGHT, GAL!
AND I WASN'T FUDGIN',
EITHER! I REALLY DO
NEED YOU--AND PLASTIC
MAN, TOO, IF HE'S
WILLIN'!

SOMETHING'S WRONG
HERE, P.L.! HE'S GOT
BLACK CONDOR AND
THE RAY WITH HIM--
BUT THEIR SIZE--
THAT GLOW--

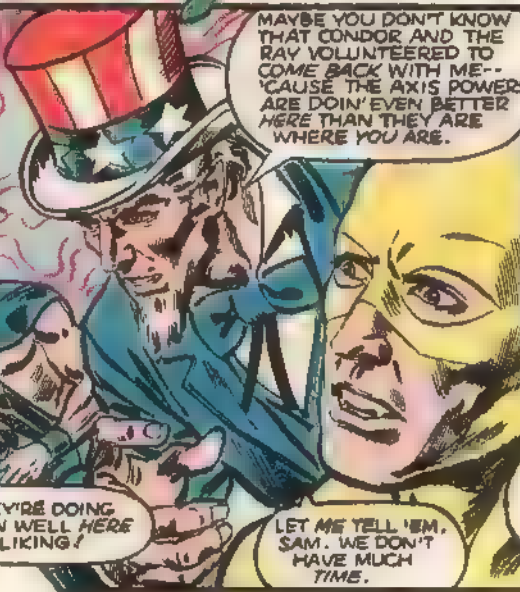
IT'S LIKE THEY'RE
TALKING TO US FROM
ONE OF THOSE NEW
TV SETS--IN
COLOR YET!



I DIDN'T
FIGURE HE DID.
WHAT'S THE
STORY, UNC?
YOU LOOK
GRIM.

THE
SITUATION
ON EARTH-X
IS GRIM,
PLAS.

AND THEY'RE DOING
TOO DAMN WELL HERE
FOR MY LIKING!



MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW
THAT CONDOR AND THE
RAY VOLUNTEERED TO
COME BACK WITH ME--
'CAUSE THE AXIS POWERS
ARE DOIN' EVEN BETTER
HERE THAN THEY ARE
WHERE YOU ARE.

LET ME TELL 'EM,
SAM. WE DON'T
HAVE MUCH
TIME.



WE FREEDOM
FIGHTERS NEED YOUR
HELP, PEOPLE--OR
THAT EARTH'S GONNA
FALL RIGHT IN
HITLER'S LAP ANY
DAY NOW.

SAM'S ALREADY
LINED UP A BUNCH
OF OTHER ALL-STARS
TO HELP--BUT WE
COULD SURE USE
PLASTIC MAN AND
THE PHANTOM LADY!

A FEW MORE TIMELY DETAILS,
AND--

WHAT DO YOU
THINK,
SANDRA?

YOU KNOW
WHAT I THINK,
GOGGLE-EYES.

TAKE IT AWAY,
UNCLE SAM!

JUST RELAX, YOU
TWO! SAM'LL PULL
US THROUGH
HYPERSPACE, ALL
RIGHT.

THE RAY AND
I HAVE SEEN
THIS MOVIE
BEFORE.

WE'RE NOT
WORRIED. BUT--
WHAT'RE YOU
STARING AT,
SANDRA?

HOLY COW--
DID YOU
SEE THAT??

BUT THEY DID--
AND FROM WHAT
DANETTE'S TOLD
ME, I THINK I
KNOW WHERE
THEY'RE GONNA
END UP.

BUY E

I'D LIKE
TO THINK
I DIDN'T !!

A FEW MONTHS BACK,
ROD REILLY WOULD'VE
BEEN RIGHT THERE
ALONGSIDE 'EM.

STILL, WHO
KNOWS? IT'S
SHAPING UP
TO BE A LONG
WAR--
EVERYWHERE.

BEFORE IT'S
OVER, MORE
EARTHS THAN
ONE MAY HAVE
NEED OF A
FIREBRAND--

--AND I MAY
BE JUST THE
GUY TO TAKE
UP THE SLACK!

WE HAD TO
RECRUIT 'EM
ALL RIGHT
AWAY-- 'CAUSE
OF SOMETHIN'
I KINDA FORGOT
TO TELL YE.

BEHIND
YOU, PLAS--
SO MANY
MYSTERY-
MEN!

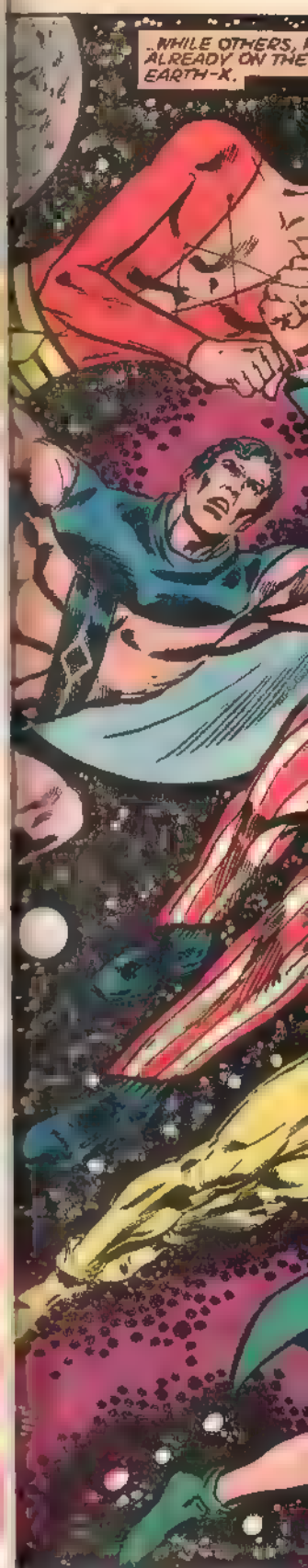
SOMETHIN'S
HAPPENED TO THE
BARRIER BETWEEN THE
WORLDS-- SOMEBODY
PASSIN' THOUGH THAT'S
PLUMB RENT ASUNDER
THE FABR.C O' HYPER-
SPACE ITSELF--

"--AND ONCE THE BARRIER
BETWEEN THE EARTHS CLOSES
UP THIS TIME--IT CAN PROBABLY
NEVER BE OPENED UP AGAIN!"

YET THEY KNOW THAT THEY ARE IN
THE BEST, THE BRAVEST OF
COMPANY! THE BLACKHAWKS...
THE ARROW-TOTING SPIDER...
MANHUNTER AND HIS DOG THOR...
THE HUMAN BOMB... MIDNIGHT...
THE FUN-LOVING JESTER... THE
RAY... BLACK CONDOR... DOLL MAN...
THE ENIGMATIC UNCLE SAM HIMSELF.

NEXT INSTANT, PLASTIC MAN
AND THE PHANTOM LADY ARE
GONE FOREVER FROM EARTH-
TWO, AND THE ALL-STAR
SQUADRON WILL BE THE
POORER FOR THEIR LOSS.

WHILE OTHERS,
ALREADY ON THE
EARTH-K.



OW THAT THEY ARE IN
THE BRAVEST OF
THE BLACKHAWKS...
TOTTING SPIDER...
AND HIS DOG THOR...
BOMB... MIDNIGHT...
ING JESTER... THE
CONDOR... DOLL MAN...
UNCLE SAM HIMSELF..

WHILE OTHERS, PERHAPS, AWAIT THEM
ALREADY ON THE WORLD KNOWN AS
EARTH-X.

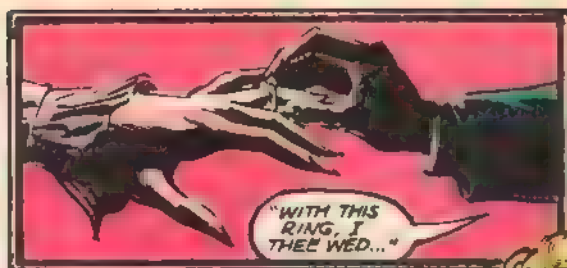
THEY DO NOT KNOW, AS WE
DO, THAT LONG DECADES
OF DESPAIR AND DEFEAT
LIE BEFORE THEM...
FOLLOWED BY A FINAL
TRIUMPH OVER THE NAZI
TERROR INFECTING THAT
OTHER EARTH..

...OR THAT, ONE DAY
THEY WILL MEET EARTH-
ONE'S JUSTICE LEAGUE,
AND BEGIN ANEW THEIR
HEROIC VOYAGES
BETWEEN THE WORLDS
THAT NEED THEM.

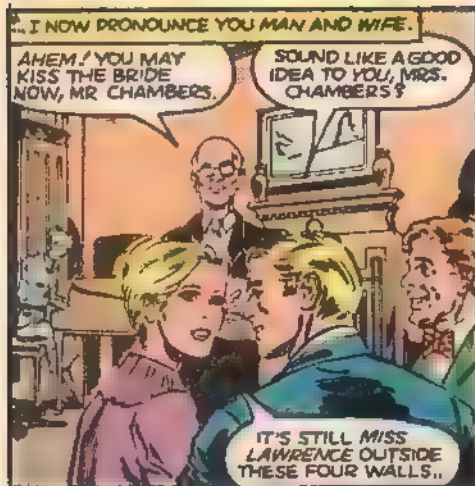
IT MATTERS
NOT.

THEY ARE THE FREEDOM
FIGHTERS-- THEY HAVE A
MISSION--AND THEY ARE
STOICALLY CONTENT

WHILE, ON THE
OUTSKIRTS OF
HISTORIC
BOSTON,
MASSACHU-
SETTS:



"WITH THIS
RING, I
THEE WED..."

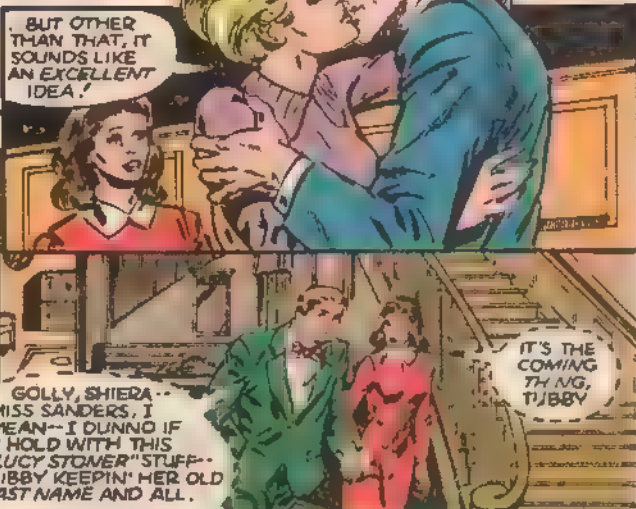


"...I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE."

AHEM! YOU MAY
KISS THE BRIDE
NOW, MR. CHAMBERS.

SOUND LIKE A GOOD
IDEA TO YOU, MRS.
CHAMBERS?

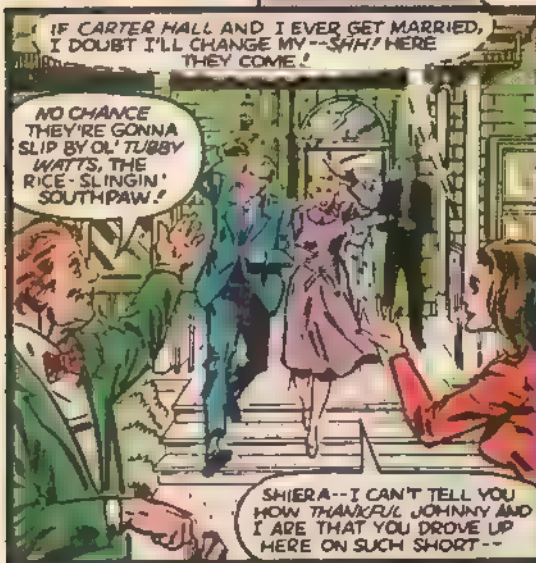
IT'S STILL MISS
LAWRENCE OUTSIDE
THESE FOUR WALLS..



BUT OTHER
THAN THAT, IT
SOUNDS LIKE
AN EXCELLENT
IDEA!

GOLLY, SHIERA--
MISS SANDERS. I
MEAN--I DUNNO IF
I HOLD WITH THIS
"LUCY STONER" STUFF--
LIBBY KEEPIN' HER OLD
LAST NAME AND ALL.

IT'S THE
COMING
TH' NG,
TUBBY



IF CARTER HALL AND I EVER GET MARRIED,
I DOUBT I'LL CHANGE MY--SHH! HERE
THEY COME!

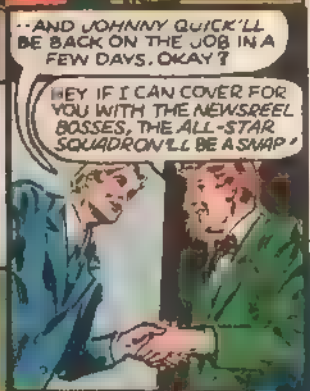
NO CHANCE
THEY'RE GONNA
SLIP BY OL' TUBBY
WATTS, THE
RICE-SLINGIN'
SOUTHPAW!

SHIERA--I CAN'T TELL YOU
HOW THANKFUL JOHNNY AND
I ARE THAT YOU DROVE UP
HERE ON SUCH SHORT--



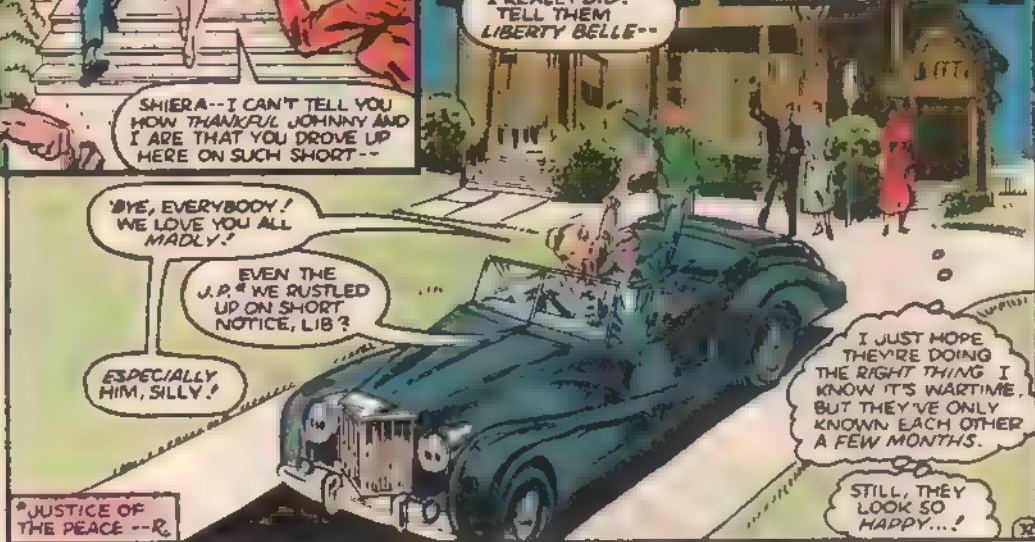
I'M SO GLAD YOU GOT
HOLD OF ME, LIBBY.
AND I'LL TELL THE
OTHERS YOU TRIED.

I REALLY DID!
TELL THEM
LIBERTY BELLE--



--AND JOHNNY QUICK'LL
BE BACK ON THE JOB IN A
FEW DAYS. OKAY?

HEY IF I CAN COVER FOR
YOU WITH THE NEWSREEL
BOSSSES, THE ALL-STAR
SQUADRON'LL BE A SNAP!



BYE, EVERYBODY!
WE LOVE YOU ALL
MADLY!

EVEN THE
J.P.'S WE RUSTLED
UP ON SHORT
NOTICE, LIB?

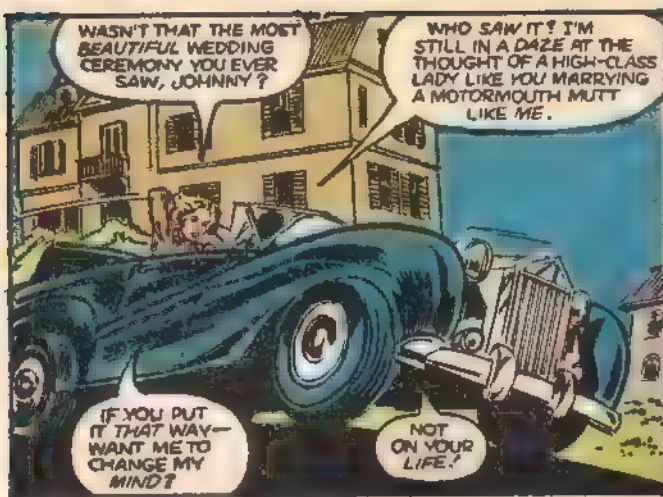
ESPECIALLY
HIM, SILLY!

I JUST HOPE
THEY'RE DOING
THE RIGHT THING I
KNOW IT'S WARTIME.
BUT THEY'VE ONLY
KNOWN EACH OTHER
A FEW MONTHS.

STILL, THEY
LOOK SO
HAPPY...!

*JUSTICE OF
THE PEACE--R

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING

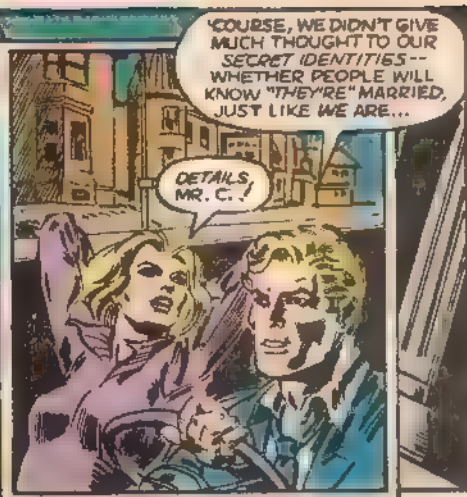


WASN'T THAT THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WEDDING CEREMONY YOU EVER SAW, JOHNNY?

WHO SAW IT? I'M STILL IN A DAZE AT THE THOUGHT OF A HIGH-CLASS LADY LIKE YOU MARRYING A MOTORMOUTH MUTT LIKE ME.

IF YOU PUT IT THAT WAY—WANT ME TO CHANGE MY MIND?

NOT ON YOUR LIFE!



COURSE, WE DIDN'T GIVE MUCH THOUGHT TO OUR SECRET IDENTITIES—WHETHER PEOPLE WILL KNOW "THEY'RE" MARRIED, JUST LIKE WE ARE...

DETAILS, MR. C.!

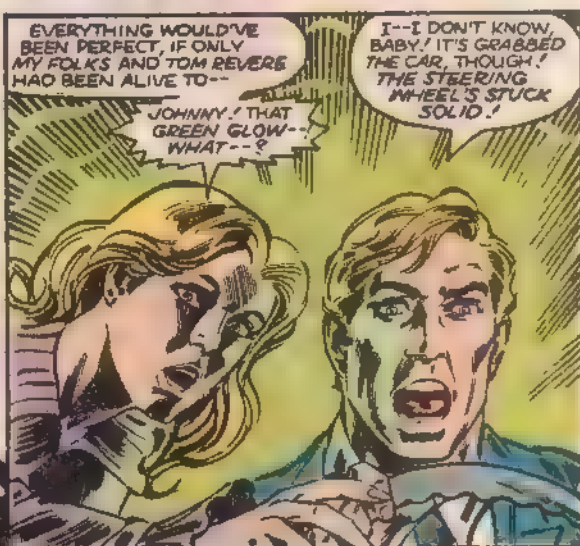


IS CAPTAIN RICK CANNON A DETAIL, TOO? FAR AS I COULD TELL OUT IN CALIFORNIA, HE HAD A REAL THING FOR LIBERTY BELLE.

BUT HE AND LIBBY LAWRENCE WERE NEVER MORE THAN VERY GOOD FRIENDS—AND THAT'S WHAT I HOPE WE'LL REMAIN.

AND WE'VE GOT A DEAL—NO JEALOUSY, RIGHT?

UH... RIGHT.



EVERYTHING WOULD'VE BEEN PERFECT, IF ONLY MY FOLKS AND TOM REVERE HAD BEEN ALIVE TO--

JOHNNY! THAT GREEN GLOW--WHAT--?

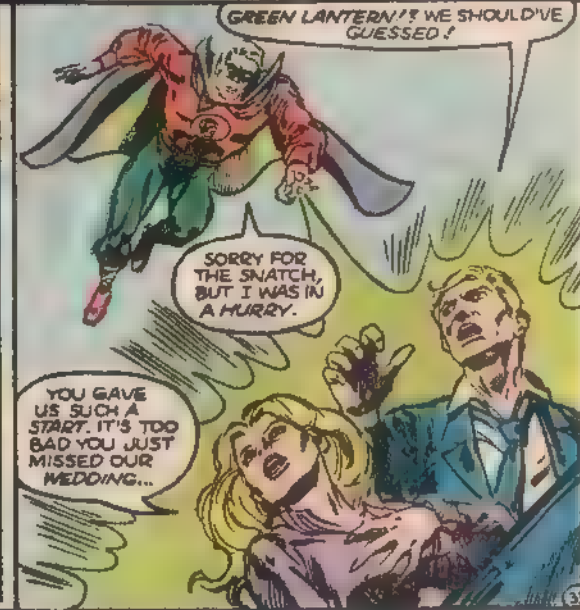
I--I DON'T KNOW, BABY! IT'S GRABBED THE CAR, THOUGH! THE STEERING WHEEL'S STUCK SOLID!



HOLY JOE! I DON'T BELIEVE THIS! NOW WE'RE A HUNDRED FEET UP IN THE AIR!

I'D BETTER SPURT MY SECRET FORMULA AND LOOK--

YOU WON'T FIND THE ANSWER DOWN THERE, JOHNNY!



GREEN LANTERN?! WE SHOULD'VE GUESSED!

SORRY FOR THE SNATCH, BUT I WAS IN A HURRY.

YOU GAVE US SUCH A START. IT'S TOO BAD YOU JUST MISSED OUR WEDDING...

WEDDING?! HEY, THAT'S GREAT, GUYS--MAKES ME FEEL EVEN WORSE ABOUT BEING HERE, ASKING FOR YOUR HELP.

IF YOU NEED HELP YOU'VE GOT IT WHAT'S UP?

I'LL CLUE YOU IN AS WE GO...

SECRET COMPARTMENTS IN TASTILY-PACKED SUITCASES ARE SWIFTLY RIFLED FOR HIDDEN COSTUMES, AND--

GOOD GRAY! IT'S JUST LIKE YOU SAID, LANTERN.

HAVE I EVER LIED TO YOU? MY POWER RING DETECTED AMAZING AMOUNTS OF ENERGY COMING FROM OVERHEAD, AND-- GREAT SCOTT!

I'M SURE GLAD YOU SEE IT, TOO--

-- OTHERWISE, I MIGHT NOT BELIEVE THAT I'M SEEING FIREBRAND UP THERE-- FOLLOWING SOME ARMOR-SPORTING BLOWDE OUT OF A FLASH GORDON SERIAL --

--AND THAT THEY'RE BOTH HEADING STRAIGHT FOR SOME KIND OF SHIMMERING HOLE IN THE SKY!

HEY, BRANDY! HOLD UP, WILLYA!?

HARBINGER-- WAIT! THOSE ARE MY FRIENDS!

AND PERHAPS YOU WILL SEE SOME OF THEM AGAIN BEFORE OUR MISSION IS ENDED--

--PERHAPS NOT?

STOP DAMN YOU! WE WANT ANSWERS!

THEY'RE GONE!

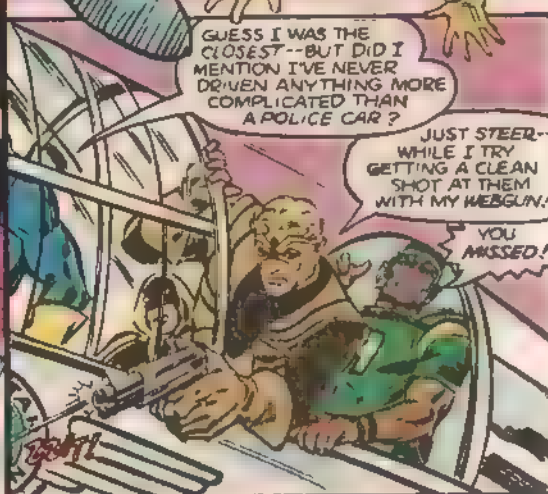
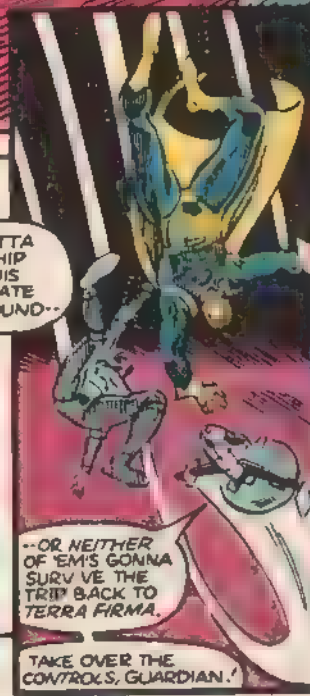
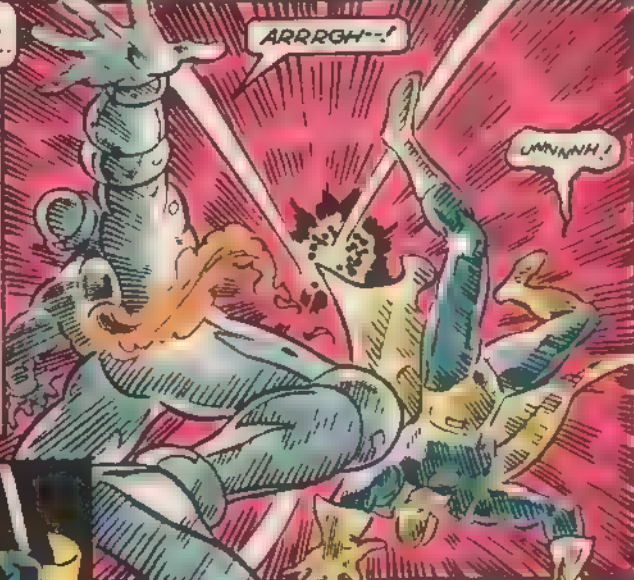
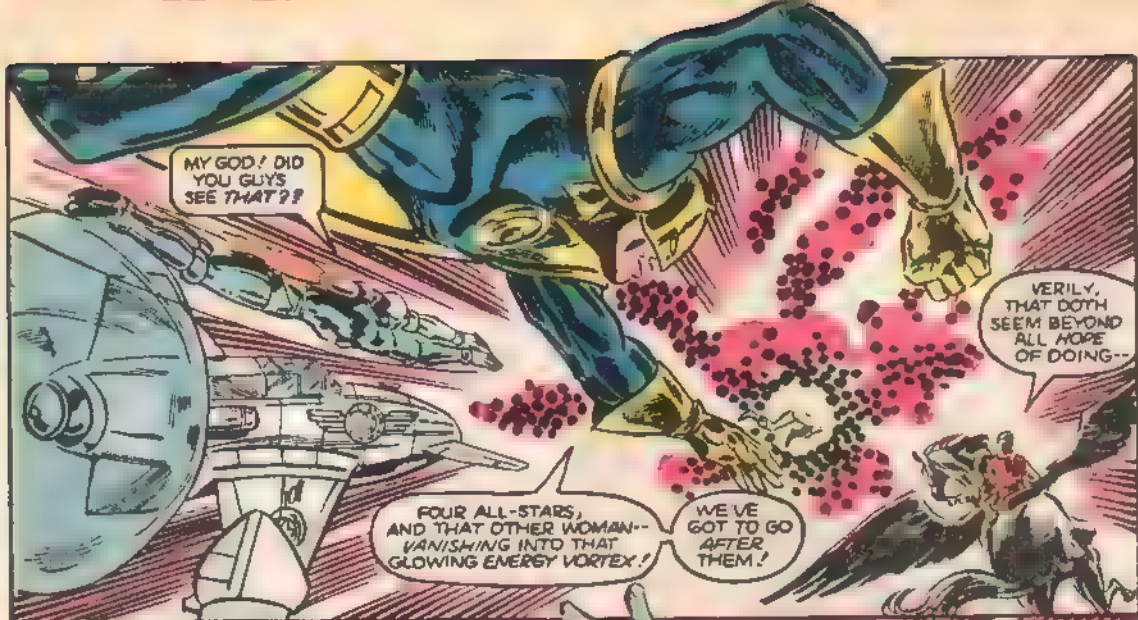
AND NOW THEY'RE PULLIN' THE HOLE IN AFTER THEM!

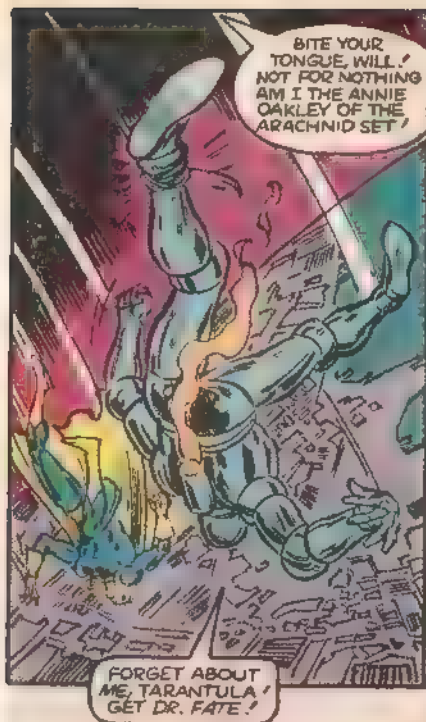
WAIT! MAYBE MY SONIC BURSTS CAN KEEP IT OPEN A LITTLE LONGER!

YOU DID IT, LADY-- BETWEEN THEM, AND THE POWER RING!

BUT IT WON'T LAST-- MORE THAN A COUPLE MORE SECONDS!

THEN GET US THROUGH, LANTERN-- HURRY!





BITE YOUR TONGUE, WILL! NOT FOR NOTHING AM I THE ANNIE OAKLEY OF THE ARACHNID SET!

FORGET ABOUT ME, TARANTULA! GET DR. FATE!



EVERYBODY'S--JUNGGH!--A CRITIC! BUT IT'S NOT GONNA BE EASY--NAGGCH!--HOLDING ONTO SEVERAL HUNDRED POUNDS OF PLUMMETING METAL!

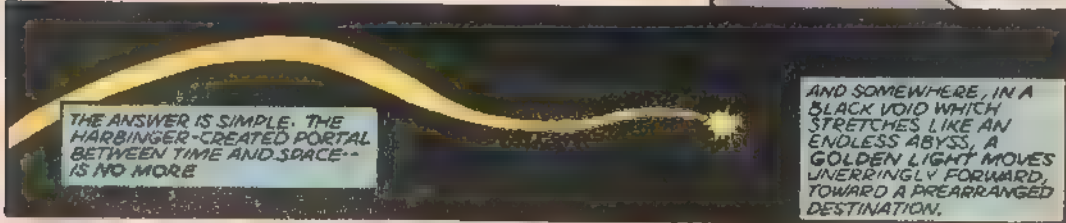
IT WILL BE--WHEN THERE'S A METAL MAN ON THIS END, TOO! LET ME HAVE THAT DORGUN!

IT'S ALL--OOOF!--YOURS!



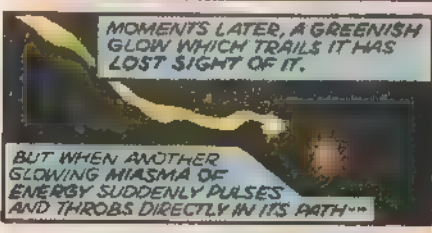
AND I HAVE DR FATE! 'TIS THE LEAST I COULD DO--AFTER NIGH SLAYING HIM IN BRITAIN, WHILE UNDER THE SWAY OF EVIL WOTAN.

CONSIDER US EVEN, SIR JUSTIN--THOUGH I'M NOT SURE THE FALL WOULD'VE DONE ME IN. BUT, WHERE'S THE SKY-HOLE?



THE ANSWER IS SIMPLE. THE HARBINGER-CREATED PORTAL BETWEEN TIME AND SPACE--IS NO MORE

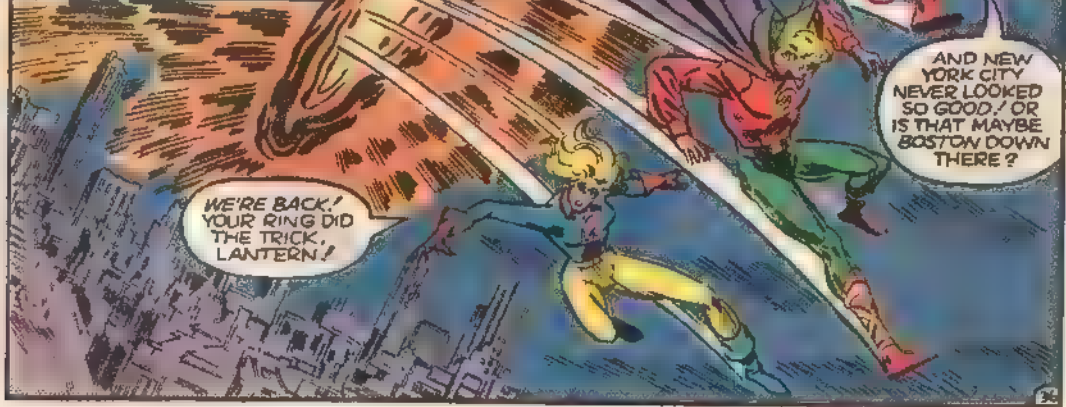
AND SOMEWHERE, IN A BLACK VOID WHICH STRETCHES LIKE AN ENDLESS ABYSS, A GOLDEN LIGHT MOVES UNERRINGLY FORWARD, TOWARD A PREARRANGED DESTINATION.



MOMENTS LATER, A GREENISH GLOW WHICH TRAILS IT HAS LOST SIGHT OF IT.

BUT WHEN ANOTHER GLOWING MIASMA OF ENERGY SUDDENLY PULSES AND THROBS DIRECTLY IN ITS PATH--

--A TRIO OF ALL-STARS MAY PERHAPS BE STARTLED TO SEE WHERE IT LEADS THEM!



WE'RE BACK! YOUR RING DID THE TRICK, LANTERN!

AND NEW YORK CITY NEVER LOOKED SO GOOD! OR IS THAT MAYBE BOSTON DOWN THERE?

IT MUST BE NEW YORK. I SEE THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING DOWN THERE. AND YET--

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! IT LOOKS A LITTLE-- DIFFERENT, SOMEHOW.

THEN WHAT SAY WE USE THIS LITTLE GREEN SOAP BUBBLE FOR A LITTLE SIGHT-SEEING, JUST TO BE SURE?

UH... THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, BELLE. THERE'S A GIGANTIC CLUE AS TO WHERE WE ARE-- FLYING RIGHT AT US!

WHERE? I DON'T-- GOOD LORD!

OH MY GOD--!

WHILE, ELSEWHERE--AND WE DO MEAN "ELSEWHERE."

OWWW! IF MY HEAD HURT ANY MORE, I'D HAVE TO TRADE IT IN-- SAME WAY I DID MY NORMAL SKELETON.

WHAT HAP--? OH, NOW I REMEMBER--THE FIGHT, THEN THAT SILENT EXPLOSION!

THERE'S FRITZIE-- STILL DEAD. LOOKS LIKE-- I'M STILL IN THE REICH CHANCELLERY, TOO!

MUST BE-- 'CAUSE THERE'S THE SAME PAINTING OF UNCLE ADOLF DECKED OUT AS A TEUTONIC KNIGHT.

BUT-- WHOA, NOW! WHERE'RE THE NAZIS I WAS FIGHTING? AND THIS PLACE SHOULD BE CRAWLING WITH SEIG-HEILERS BY NOW!

AND-- ABOUT THAT PICTURE--

I SAW IT BURN JUST BEFORE THE BIG BLOW-UP.

AND HERE IT IS--NOT EVEN SINGED!

MAYBE I'M NOT IN BERLIN AT ALL! MAYBE THIS WAS ALL JUST SOME CRAZY DREAM, AND I'M STILL BACK IN THE PERISPHERE, NURSING A TORCH FOR GLORIA GILES FARLEY!



KMMM... ONE GLANCE
OUT THE WINDOW
DISPELLS THAT
LITTLE FANTASY.
I'M IN BERLIN,
ALL RIGHT--

--BUT
WHICH
BERLIN??



THE OTHER ALL-STARS
TOLD A STORY ABOUT AN
EARTH IN ANOTHER
DIMENSION--FROM
WHICH THAT "ENGINEER
GOOTSDEN" HAD SIPHONED
OFF A GUY CALLED
CAPTAIN MARVEL.

WONDER IF
THIS COULD BE
THAT WORLD,
SOMEHOW??



WELL, I'D BETTER SCOOT
OUT OF HERE, BEFORE SOME OF
HITLER'S BODYGUARDS STUMBLE
OVER ME.

I'LL DITCH MY
COSTUME, AND SEE
IF I CAN MAKE IT BACK
TO ENGLAND--IF THERE
IS AN ENGLAND,
WHEREVER I AM.

ONE GOOD THING:
I SURE DON'T HAVE
ANYBODY BACK HOME
THAT'LL MISS ME MUCH--
SO MAYBE IT'S AS GOOD
A TIME AND PLACE AS
ANY TO START OVER.

*AS HE DID SEE INFINITY
JNG #19 FOR DETAILS.--R.

GOOD-BYE,
GLORIA...
FOREVER....



JUST LIKE WE
FIGURED! NO TRACE
UPSTAIRS THAT
THAT HOLE-IN-THE-
SKY WAS EVER
THERE.

MAYBE
THE
JUSTICE
SOCIETY
CAN SHED
SOME
LIGHT
ON THIS.

HOPE SO. I'LL
ASK THEM, AT OUR
SPECIAL MEETING
TONIGHT.

HEY, HERE
COMES THAT
DR. OCCULT
GUY--ON THE
RUN.



TO COIN A
PHRASE--
WHAT'S UP
DOC?

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO
BELIEVE THIS--BUT RIGHT
AFTER YOU LEFT, I SAW
PHANTOM LADY AND PLASTIC
MAN STEP INTO A HOLE IN
THE AIR--AND DISAPPEAR.

ACTUALLY, FELLA--
THERE'S NO SEVEN
PEOPLE IN THE WORLD
RIGHT ABOUT NOW--
WHO'RE READIER
TO BELIEVE YOU!

BUT YOU'VE GOT
SOMETHING ELSE
ON YOUR MIND
BESIDES VANISHING
ALL-STARS. COME
ON... GIVE!



WHAT'S
GOING ON?
HAS THE
WORLD GONE
MAD??

BY MY
HALIDOM!

HUH?

I CAN'T BE SURE--BUT
MY MYSTIC SYMBOL'S
NEVER BEEN WRONG
BEFORE--

--AND THE WAY
IT'S PULSING,
SOMETHING
SINISTER JUST
ENTERED OUR
WORLD--FROM A
UNIVERSE NOT
OUR OWN.

PERHAPS THE SMALL
FLYING MICROPHONE,
UNSEEN OVERHEAD,
COULD ANSWER HOUR-
MAN'S DESPERATE
QUESTION.

BUT IT PREFERS
NOT TO...



NEXT ISSUE: THE CRISIS
CROSS-OVER CONTINUES.
AS THE ALL-STARS FACE--

**THE MONSTER
SOCIETY
OF EVIL?** (No Lie!)

GOLDEN AGE GALLERY Note: Two of my favorite DC covers have been the drawings by Rich Buckler for **ALL-STAR SQUADRON** #1 and the special Squadron Insert which appeared a few weeks earlier, in **JLA** #193. But a few errors crept onto the covers—minor costume details, plus the accidental substitution of non-JSAer the Shining Knight for Starman. Also, though Dick Giordano did a crackerjack job inking both original covers, I've always wanted to see them also inked by Jerry Ordway, who embellished the interior pages. (cont'd on next page)



GALLERY, Cont'd: So here they are, from my own personal collection—those two covers, as re-drawn by Rich and inked by Jerry. We've also taken the liberty of omitting Captain Triumph from the photo-heroes, since he didn't actually pop up till 1943—and on Earth-X, at that! —R.T.

